

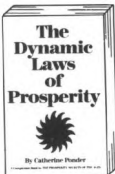
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I SEE BY THE PAPERS

by Curtis Fuller



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

It is essential to our spiritual growth to become scientists who are skeptical of what has been taught... but the notions of science become cultural idols, and it is necessary that we become skeptical of these as well.

— M. Scott Peck, M.D.
The Road Less Traveled

Whoever is eager to find the secret kingdom will never fail in his quest.

— Vernon Howard
The Power of Your Supermind

IT IS common wisdom, which means it is not necessarily true, that new social ideas and movements in the United States start in the San Francisco area and gradually work their way eastward where they either are accepted or die. It is estimated that this process may take as long as 10 years, so, depending on where you live, the West Coast may be as much as 10 years ahead of you in social thinking.

One of the main fountainheads of "new thought" over the past 20 years has been the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, Calif. Another has been the Association for Humanistic Psychology whose directions have been strangely changed and twisted since it was founded years

ago by Abraham Maslow and his colleagues.

We belonged to the AHP for a number of years and followed the activities at Esalen although we never knew much about the relationship, if any, between the two organizations or the details of their development and the twists and turns of their social ideas. We were primarily concerned with AHP's interest in the psychic. This, for the most part, has vanished with the death of Anthony Sutich.

Last December 10, in an excellent article in the *New York Times*, Daniel Goleman discussed Esalen's influences. Today Esalen is 23 years old. "The youthful rebelliousness of the old Esalen has given way to an inevitable graying and maturation," Goleman writes. "It was at Esalen that many psychological and social trends crystallized or gained momentum, including the fascination with physical fitness and the psychological side of sports performance; encounter groups; rolfing and other body therapies; medical consumerism and stress management; and, most particularly, the search for self-actualization that was the rallying cry of humanistic psychology."



TIMES THEY DO CHANGE

WE FOLLOWED these movements because of the pervasive fear of all editors that the world was passing us by and that the only way we could keep up with the interests of our readers was to keep in close touch with what was going on.

Of course, we lost touch, as did so many other people. Indeed, how could we possibly have kept up when Esalen and AHP kept changing? As Goleman says, much of what Esalen once offered as novel has become commonplace, has been absorbed into the mainstream of our society or has fallen by the wayside. We are amused to note his epitaph for the encounter-group movement; it is "moribund," he writes. Should we then be consoled because we never really participated?

Probably not. We are people with Midwestern, middle-class values asking ourselves how we might have been different if we had participated in the "human potential movement" that flourished 10 or 20 years ago. Did many of these new ideas change society or was Esalen, as Goleman suggests, "a Valhalla for frivolous self-absorption . . . with a tendency toward narcissistic self-indulgence"?

World-famous scholars went to Esalen and they still go today. One of these modern scholars is Dr. Fritjof Capra, occasionally referred to in these pages, who believes we are at the beginnings of (in the midst of?) a shift to a new world view which "will be of comparable magnitude to the shift from the Middle Ages to the Reformation."

Capra says, "Its early signs are just beginning to emerge: Green politics in Europe, the adoption of general sys-

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tems theory and cybernetics in many fields, the ecology movement."

Dr. Walter Truett Anderson, a political scientist who wrote *The Upstart Spring*, a special history of Esalen, doubts this. "It's a fallacy to think that what you stand for is necessarily what will come to predominate in the future," he says. These are wise words. And Michael Marrien, a social scientist writing in the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology*, says that those who believe America is on the verge of a great social transformation are victims of a "sand-box syndrome, deluding themselves by exaggerating their own importance."

Still, Esalen's problem is one we all face — one even such a narrowly focused movement as represented by FATE faces: Granted that American society has accepted much or most of what we have had to offer, what is our mission now?



RAY HYMAN AND DEJA VU

FATE'S VIEWPOINT, in case you've forgotten, is a simple one. We don't understand the world we live in. That world does not behave in the way conventional science describes it as behaving. So we study the anomalies trying to figure out what really is going on. From this we should eventually have quite a different picture of the physical world from the one we have today. We believe the social implications of this new world, if we can ever define it, will be complex and revolutionary, although we have no idea what they will be. Nevertheless, if our world view is changed, our attitudes toward life and the world around us are bound to change also.

I ran across a little item the other day in a question-and-answer column in the *New York Times*. The item illustrates in microcosm the kind of thing I am talking about.

The question was: *Is there a scientific explanation for the déjà vu phenomenon?*

Deja vu is the feeling of having previously experienced an event or situation which in reality you are meeting for the first time.

The Q&A editor of the *Times* drew on the opinion of Ray Hyman, a University of Oregon psychology professor and paranormal critic whom we respect.

In this case, however, Hyman merely uses a lot of words — call them gobble-dygook — as a substitute for what no one understands, even though he admits that no scientific basis for the déjà vu phenomenon has been substantiated.



WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

DEJA VU has been called a confusion in memory. According to Hyman, "a common psychological explanation is known as redintegration, in which the memory of an event or place resurfaces upon the appearance of part of the stimulus that formerly aroused the memory."

Another possible explanation is the independent operation of memory components. The *Times* explains: "The familiarity component of the memory can be activated independently of the content component, or vice versa. In such cases a person finds a situation familiar but has no knowledge of its content; or a person remembers a situation but does not know why it is familiar." Hyman does add one potentially

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useful item: *deja vu* is especially common among persons suffering from epilepsy and brain damage.

We are inclined to accept some similar sort of explanation but we differ from the Ray Hyman's of this world by believing that the door must never be closed on an alternate (psychic?) explanation for *deja vu*.

Here is an example of how a different solution for psychic claims could change our entire world view. Suppose *deja vu* is not just a disturbance of memory. Suppose instead it is a sudden and rare breakthrough of a genuine memory of a previous existence. Suppose you were there before. Suppose you did have the experience before. In what parallel existence did all this take place? With which facet of your multiple personality did you encounter the event? When did it all originally occur? Or was it original? In what cycle of your life did you repeat it? On what plane of your existence — past, present or future?

You see, things can become mighty confusing if you begin to doubt Hyman's explanation. It's so much nicer to keep them simple.



RECOVERING THE PAST

AFTER ALL, science is transcending time every day. University of California scientists have recovered genes from an extinct animal — the quagga — which was half zebra and half horse — and have cloned them. They now hope to recover genes from giant ground sloths, saber-toothed cats and other vanished creatures.

The quagga disappeared from this earth a century ago after roaming the

grasslands of South Africa for ages. Its front half was striped like a zebra and its rear half was built and colored like a horse.

The scientists explain that they have no "realistic" hope of being able to recreate living replicas of extinct animals but that the work opens up the possibility of comparing their genetic differences. One question they do expect to answer is whether the quagga was a zebra or a horse.

Genetic science of this nature is in its infancy. After all, the genetic code was diagrammed only a couple of decades ago. It would be folly to believe that today is an end to discoveries.



RECONSIDER THE LLAMA

A LONG ABOUT four or five million years ago some strange-

looking animals which had originated in what is now South America gradually migrated north and west across the land bridge to Asia. They were camelids — ancestors of the modern Asiatic camels that developed into today's one-humped dromedary camel of Arabia and the two-humped Bactrian camel of northeastern Asia. They also were the ancestors of the South American alpaca, llama, vicuna and guanaco.

Today's Asiatic camels have been called "creatures designed by a committee" and they are quite unlike their smaller, graceful South American cousins. Both, however, are pack animals able to function under extremely difficult and adverse conditions. And it is as pack animals that a strange transition is taking place among the domestic llamas. For nearly 6000 years, according to the November-December 1985 issue

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of *Americas*, hundreds of thousands of llamas were used to transport goods in the Andes Mountains. During colonial times as many as 350,000 were used just to transport metals from remote mines.

But today the use of llamas as pack animals in South America is declining rapidly. They are being replaced by trucks and a cash economy. In the United States, however, the use of llamas as pack animals is booming, believe it or not.

Bill London, writing in *Americas*, says that show-quality female llamas are worth up to \$50,000 and mine-run pack llamas are selling for upwards of \$1000. London evidently has a great love for llamas and offers many reasons for their rapidly growing popularity.

Llamas are hardy, gentle, patient, strong and able to thrive under difficult conditions. London also says that "they

are alert, attractive and intelligent." They eat less than horses and their size is not intimidating. They do not spook at unexpected disturbances as horses do; their padded feet cause little damage to mountain trails. The Aymara Indians of South America call their llamas "silent brothers" and now more and more American backpackers are learning to appreciate them.

In North America llamas are used mostly for recreational backpacking. Commercial outfitters, says London, are unanimous in their praise of the animals. They are surefooted and maneuverable; they can negotiate narrow, rocky trails and snow-covered passes easily while carrying 100 pounds or more. They move steadily along at a pace of two to three miles per hour.

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by Veronica Reade

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ers to support at least one magazine devoted to the subject. Except for three small shipments from Chile in 1983, no llamas have been imported into the United States since 1928 because of the prevalence of hoof-and-mouth disease in South America. Almost all North American llamas are descended from females imported before the 1928 ban. They are not likely to outbreed the demand for some time — females have only one calf at a time and the gestation period is 11½ months.



NEWS & NOTES

● While science is agreed (at present) that marine algae formed in the ocean about 3.5 billion years ago, a recent discovery in Arizona may shoot down the consensus that land plants came only about 500 million years ago. Two Arizona State University geologists have offered evidence that the old chronology is wrong and that land plants must have flourished near Phoenix at least 1.2 billion years ago.

● David Chamberlain, a San Diego clinical psychologist, claims that babies are "real people, trapped, as it were, in baby bodies. They are fully equipped with sensory and learning abilities." Chamberlain has asked hypnotized children to describe their surroundings at birth and says they recollected such details as their mother's hairstyle, obstetric instruments and delivery room conversations.

● Scientists are breeding a species of predator fish that eats mosquitoes, according to the Newhouse News Service. The plan is to put the fish in rice fields, wetlands, drainage ditches and canals where mosquitoes breed. Tests in

Florida and Arkansas rice fields showed that the variety tested, called the inland silverside, eliminated more than 90 percent of the larvae.

● Another bird now may be removed from the endangered-species list. It is the ivory-billed woodpecker, a large shiny black bird, 20 inches long, with a white stripe down its neck from cheek to back. It once was common in Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Unfortunately, the reason it is no longer endangered is that it is now extinct.

● A creature that is not quite extinct is the Eastern black panther, a mysterious animal that comes and goes on the edge of reality. One of these animals is frequently reported in Lewis, St. Lawrence, Jefferson, Herkimer and Oneida Counties in the state of New York. Lee Chamberlain, an endangered-species specialist in Watertown, N.Y., says that every year he receives about 20 black-panther reports.



MERMAIDS THAT WEREN'T

MOST MONSTER stories turn out to be hoaxes or misreadings of the evidence. In the controversy between Jon Erik Beckjord, an independent investigator of strange and unusual animals, and Prof. Roy Wagner, head of the anthropology department of the University of Virginia, over whether mermaidlike creatures exist in Papua New Guinea waters, Beckjord appears to be the winner.

During anthropological expeditions to New Ireland province, Wagner heard stories from natives of occasional encounters with creatures they call *ri*. Wagner's article on the *ri* was published in *Cryptozoology*, the journal of the

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International Society of Cryptozoology, and reprinted in the August 1983 issue of FATE.

Thereupon Beckjord traveled to New Ireland to investigate Wagner's story and concluded that the *ri* were dugongs. Wagner replied that the possibility that the *ri* were dugongs was a viable hypothesis but he had some reservations about it.

Now the controversy has been resolved.

The 13-person expedition sponsored by the California-based Ecosophical Research Association which used a 65-foot vessel with side-scan sonar and other modern equipment has determined that the *ri* is a dugong. The investigators photographed the animal and identified it as a dugong even before it was killed by a fishing boat.

Wagner and members of his expedition are chagrined but not surprised. Beckjord is chortling.



A TALKING BEAR!

LAST SUMMER the monster report to end all monster reports rattled the rib cages of skeptics across the country. Greg and Stephanie McKay were camping about five miles off Highway 410 in Pierce County, Washington, when, just before dawn, some creature attacked their tent. It was Saturday, July 6, 1985 — a date to be graven in granite.

"It must have weighed almost a ton," Stephanie said. "He was big and hairy." He was eight feet tall and ugly. He also smelled. "It didn't sound human," she went on. "It had a very high-pitched voice. . . . You may think this sounds crazy but the bear talked to us. It asked

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us what our names were and asked whether we had permission to use the campsite. We said we had gotten permission but the bear told us to get off the property immediately. We ran like anything."

As they gathered up their belongings, this strange-acting bear stood on its hind legs and began throwing rocks at them.

When sheriff's deputies visited the campsite, they could find no sign of a struggle and the only visible tracks were those of a large dog, according to a report from Sheriff's Sgt. Terry Schmid.

"We pretty well figure if it's anything, it was probably a bear," Sergeant Schmid said. "It could be a complete hoax but we don't know."



DEAD OR ALIVE?

MOST PEOPLE are fascinated by monsters. Apparently we like to think about our ancestors' cave-dwelling days when unknown creatures were fought off with torches, fire, teeth and spears. So this spring another team of scientists will be off to Africa to search for Mokele-Mbembe, the 30-foot plant-eating creature with long neck and tail and elephant-sized body that may or may not exist. Roy Mackal of the University of Chicago says the expedition will carry sonar devices, video cameras and old-fashioned nets. He hopes to bring it back alive.

Other hunters seek other kinds of creatures. Some set out with pick and shovel to dredge up the bones of ancient dinosaurs and are often surprised by what they find. About 75 miles southwest of Fort Worth, Tex., paleontolo-

gists have found a large deposit of camptosaur bones — 10-foot-long creatures who lived 100 million years ago during a time period which has left us few fossils. And discovered in Arizona's Petrified Forest National Park seems to be the oldest dinosaur skeleton in the world. So far unnamed, the living dinosaur weighed perhaps 200 pounds and was the size of an ostrich.



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IN 1895 the nearly complete skin of a giant ground sloth, the *mylodon*, was discovered in a cave in southern Chile. Because it seemed so fresh and appeared to have been butchered, researchers thought the species might still survive in remote areas. Since then other *mylodon* skins, bones and dung have been found in southern Patagonia but alas, no liv-

ing *mylodon* has ever appeared.

So many *mylodon* remains have been found that scientists have been able to deduce from the food remnants in their dung that they probably became extinct because of climatic changes rather than hunting pressure from the Paleo-Indians. These huge creatures died out between 8500 and 11,000 years ago. During that same time the rich shrubby and herbaceous grassland grew sparse and was replaced by moorland vegetation and lower temperatures.

Unlike the North American ground sloths, the Patagonian *mylodons* were grazers, not browsers, and they became extinct because of food shortages.



TODAY IN CHINA

STILL THE SEARCH for living monsters continues. In August 1985

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the Chinese announced with great fanfare that they were going to exhibit a living "Bigfoot." Although billed as "the first and only wild man" to be captured in China, anthropologists identified the creature as one of a rare species of short-tailed monkey.

Another strange story has come out of China. Last July Prof. Xiang Ligai and students from Xinjiang University's biology department were on a field trip near Hanas Lake, close to the Soviet Union and Mongolian border. Peering through binoculars from a 6600-foot altitude on a mountain, expedition members spotted what at first looked like "red boats" on the surface of the lake.

The red boats turned out to be several dozen huge red fish with heads three feet wide, according to China's state-run radio. A geological team from Xin-

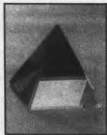
jiang Environmental Protection Institute later confirmed the observation, reporting at least 100 huge red fish, weighing about one ton each, which they said belong to the salmon family.



BACK TO US

ONE-TON SALMON are a little hard to swallow but those who are natural-born skeptics can take comfort, at least, in the fact that Champ still lives. A fairly recent story from the *Providence [R.I.] Sunday Journal* reports that this mysterious lake monster still churns the waters of Lake Champlain. There have been hundreds of reported sightings of this unique and unknown animal, including more than 100 from Bulwagga Bay alone, near Port Henry.

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Stanley, waitress at the Tradingpost Bar & Restaurant near Port Henry: "I saw the water churning. Then this big black mass came up and went down splush! I don't know what it was but it was huge! And it was *no fish!*"

P. T. Barnum once offered \$50,000 for Champ's capture but it remains as elusive as the Loch Ness monster.



CLOUDBUSTERS

SOMEONE IS busting clouds in southeastern Spain.

That's what thousands of farmers are saying but practically nobody believes them. The governor of Almeria, one of the states in which the claim is being made, blames mass hysteria. Charlie Carthew, an American expert on cloud-seeding, states flatly, "Breaking up clouds is impossible."

Still, farmers in the drought-stricken region swear that every time a big black thunderhead appears over the mountains to the west, they hear the buzz of approaching planes. The aircraft fly back and forth through the clouds, releasing chemicals which turn the clouds into mere wisps. Then the aircraft fly away to what the farmers believe are secret airfields.

One of the witnesses to this mysterious activity is Francisco Moreno Sastre, an engineer with the Agriculture Ministry in Madrid. "It's not just the collective imagination," he told reporters for the *Wall Street Journal*. "This uncontrolled practice must be stopped."

Farmers are sure that local tomato moguls are responsible. The growers are seeking to protect their irrigated crops from storm damage, the theory goes. Lorenzo Belmonte Navarro,

manager of Primaflor S.A., a large tomato-growing operation in the area, denies this, insisting, "We tomato growers want rain too. The rain doesn't damage tomatoes. That's a myth."

He adds, "I don't know about the planes. They could exist. The whole thing is beyond my understanding."

Another witness, Father Manuel Prados Munoz of the village of Maria, remarks, "Before I came here four years ago, I used to laugh at this business of planes." Since then he has seen them repeatedly.

They always arrive just when his desktop barometer has confirmed that a storm is on the way. As clouds appear in the sky, so do the planes. One month last summer he saw the mystery craft no fewer than 12 times.

The drought has lasted since 1973. Farmers in the three affected provinces

are enraged. "If we knew who did it," one says, "we'd lynch them." Besides tomato growers, suspects include astronomers (said to be fanatically determined to keep the atmosphere vapor-free to insure good viewing conditions) and the tourist industry is also on the list.

Almeria Gov. Tomas Azorin Munoz even arranged to bring five meteorologists, including the general director of the National Weather Bureau, to Pulpi to debunk the "impossible myth" of cloudbusting. Six hundred farmers crammed the town's biggest building to hear what the experts had to say. Many left unconvinced.

"It's not just the rumors of country bumpkins," Father Manuel says. "It's true."



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NEW MAYA DATA

THE LONG-HELD view that the Mayan civilization had seriously declined at the time of the Spanish conquest has now been challenged by a husband-wife team of American anthropologists. Discoveries by Duane Z. and Arlen F. Chase of the University of Central Florida show that the Maya retained an advanced political and economic system up to the time European contact destroyed them.

Evidence for the Chases' conclusions comes from two undisturbed graves of Mayan rulers who died 1000 years apart. One is an ornate stone tomb and the other a simple grave in the ground. They are less than a mile apart at an archaeological site on a bluff encircling Corozal, an urban area in Belize.

The oldest is the ornate tomb, 1500 years old, containing the remains of a Mayan ruler whose jade ornaments and other artifacts signify his high status. The more modest grave yielded the remains of a provincial ruler who lived something over 500 years ago.



TELLTALE JEWELRY

ONE CLUE to the ruler's status is a pair of gold earplugs inlaid with jade and turquoise. These plugs, which once fit inside large holes in the earlobes, flared out to cover the ears.

According to the anthropologists, such adornments are not indigenous to the Maya but are identical to those worn by Aztec rulers as symbols of power. Historians know that the empire-building Aztecs who lived around what is now Mexico City were planning to subjugate the Mayas. Mrs. Chase speculates that the provincial ruler may

My name is Rennie Foster and I want to tell you about a new book called

"SALT POWER For Bringing Love, Luck and Wealth"

I am sure you are acquainted with the old superstition that if salt is spilled a pinch of it should be immediately cast over the left shoulder to avert bad luck. There are in fact many superstitions concerning salt, but did you know that its incorruptible properties actually have a very profound mystic significance? Now I don't wish to bore you with philosophy but I do want to tell you that salt — when ritually employed — has a very real effect on changing circumstances according to one's will. Maybe you think I am mad, but since I discovered this secret just under six months ago I have:

- twice won on the horses — \$3,500 first time and \$18,900 two weeks ago.
- twice played bingo and won \$300 each time.
- last month won \$15,000 on a state lottery.

I don't mind anybody thinking I am mad for my ritual use of salt because 'mad' or not I am doing very well out of it! I have given up my job as I no longer need to work to make a living. Instead of working I have just come back from a long luxury world cruise which took me to Cape Town, Madras, Bangkok, Melbourne, and other exciting places. I now have three TV sets in my home — one in the sitting room, one in the bedroom and one in the kitchen. I also have two video recorders — one downstairs, one upstairs. All these luxuries have come my way since beginning to use "Salt Power".

The funny thing is that I didn't use "Salt Power" in the beginning to win money. Frankly I considered the use of salt for such a matter as childish nonsense. In fact I used salt simply for the purpose of stopping a neighbour calling on me. I did it in response to a challenge by a folklorist who was telling me how much salt ritualism had helped him in life. I was very sceptical, but he said that I could prove it for myself by using salt to stop the pestering neighbour. The folklorist told me what to do and I was surprised by its simplicity. I felt silly using salt in this manner — all that salt had ever meant to me was its use in adding flavour to cooked meals. The neighbour in question had always been a pest — always borrowing things and wasting my time with gossip. Three times a week she would be at my door. She was a nuisance to others too. She was one of those thick-skinned people who would never get the hint that you didn't want them. After using the salt ritual she never called again.

I was not so strident in my scepticism when I next met my folklorist friend! I confided that maybe it was "just coincidence" that she never called again, but even so my curiosity in salt's so-called "mystical powers" had been aroused. I felt there could be something to it. He assured me that there was in fact a lot more to it, and that he was prepared to tell me how it could help me in all kinds of situations if I was willing to try it. I can tell you that I am glad I tried it! Life has changed so much to the good for me these last few months that I can hardly believe it has all happened! I am now an even bigger believer than my folklorist friend! Even as I write this I have a little salt nearby — in fact I do nothing or go nowhere without a little sprinkling of salt! Maybe all this good luck is coincidence, but I am not prepared to give up using salt to find out! And I must be frank with you — I do

not have a clue how it works! I just perform the salt rituals and I get what I want! I am not a "psychic" person so it can have nothing to do with possessing any "special powers". The only thing that I have "special" is luck — and that only began when I started following my folklorist friend's advice!

But I have more than "luck" — I have love, too. I know my wife won't mind me saying this because she, too, is a believer in "Salt Power". In recent years our marriage — like a lot of people's — had grown stale. We were getting on each other's nerves, and it seemed difficult to believe that we were the same happy couple that married so many years ago. I decided to see if Salt Power could help. It more than "helped" — it made us like rapturous honeymooners again! Whilst I am very grateful for all the financial blessings I have received I must say that nothing has made me happier than this rekindled love between my wife and I. Money cannot bring happiness, but "Salt Power" — I confess, can. The purpose of this advertisement is not so much to tell you about my own good fortune, but to tell you about a book called **SALT POWER for Bringing Love, Luck, and Wealth** — It's author is Marcus T. Bottomley and I have been privileged to write the foreword to it. It is, I believe, the only book in the world written exclusively about the mystical properties of salt. It features all the rituals I have used for bringing the luck I have experienced. In fact it gives salt rituals for many different needs and situations such as:

- INFLUENCING A DESERTING MARRIAGE PARTNER TO RETURN HOME
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- GIVING PROTECTION TO YOUR HOME AGAINST BURGLARS AND MALICIOUS PEOPLE
- HOLDING THE CONTINUED LOVE AND LOYALTY OF A PARTICULAR PERSON
- BREAKING OFF AN UNWANTED RELATIONSHIP
- KEEPING UNWANTED PEOPLE AWAY FROM YOUR HOME
- ATTRACTING THE FRIENDSHIP OF NEIGHBOURS
- PROTECTION AGAINST EVIL SPELLS
- BRINGING A JOB

So you can see it is not just in money matters "Salt Power" can help you, but in many other matters as well. However, in order not to belittle the financial aspects of this power I should tell you that it is not just ordinary people like me using it, but also prosperous business people. In fact some of these people say that it is regular use of salt ritualism that helped them to become prosperous in the first place!

For me I think the most delightful thing about Salt Power — apart from the luck it brings, that is! — is its sheer simplicity. You will be relieved to hear that you don't need any candles, incenses or oils. You don't have to be up at midnight on the Full Moon. Occult ritualism is not my cup of tea, and if it is not yours either then you will find Salt Power very welcome. All you need is a packet of ordinary table salt and, of course, the book.

To order your copy of this unique book all you have to do is write "SALT POWER" on a piece of paper with payment of \$14.95 and mail to:

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have received the earplugs from Aztec chieftains trying to sway his allegiance. But before the Aztecs could dominate the Mayas, the Spaniards invaded, bringing infectious diseases which, within a century and a half, killed an estimated 70 to 90 percent of the Mayas.

The modest grave contained a necklace of shell and jade and a bracelet of red seashells also not native to the area. Arlen Chase said these artifacts show that commerce flourished in the late post-Classic period, from A.D. 1350 to 1530.



THE NEW VIEW

AT ITS HEIGHT, between A.D. 300 and 900, known as the Classic period, the Mayan empire covered much of Mexico, Belize and Guatemala and parts of Honduras and Nicaragua. During this period the Mayas built elaborate religious centers dominated by the great pyramids which remain tourist attractions today. In later centuries, when building on such a large scale declined, archaeologists were led to believe the civilization was disintegrating. Because entire native American empires were conquered by so few Spaniards, some historians argue that the cultures had fallen into decadence by the time the Europeans arrived.

But the Chases' discovery adds weight to the new view that, instead of building pyramids, the Mayas were concentrating on extending their commercial and political ties over increasing areas.



NICKEL FROM HEAVEN

A RECENT proposal for a huge meteor or asteroid impact has been offered by three American researchers to explain the rich nickel and copper deposits of the Sudbury Igneous Complex in Ontario. Here is the world's largest single source of nickel in a 40-mile-long geological structure made up of various rocks stacked like a series of elliptical-shaped bowls.

Now Billy E. Faggart, Jr., and Asish R. Basu, both of the University of Rochester, and Mitsunobu Tatsumoto of the U.S. Geological Survey in Denver offer evidence in *Science* for a proposal, originally made in 1964, that the formation was created by a meteoritic collision with earth two million years ago. They suggest that the impact triggered the melting of large amounts of the underlying basalts and granites at Sudbury. This in turn would melt the sulfur out of the rocks which would bring with it nickel, copper and other elements to create the rich Sudbury complex.



GULLED GOLFERS LOSE DRIVING RANGE

DIVE-BOMBING sea gulls bombarding golfers with golf balls have forced Smith & Wesson to close a driving range installed for company personnel.

In the fall of 1984, Jim Baird, conservation director for the Massachusetts Audubon Society, said, "Clearly the birds think the balls are clams. It's typical gull behavior to pick up clams and mussels and drop them again and again until the shell breaks."

A Smith & Wesson spokesman told Associated Press that the firm viewed it as a safety problem and shut down the range until "we can determine how to operate it safely."

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Diagram of normal aura based on sketch by Walter J. Kilner, M.D.

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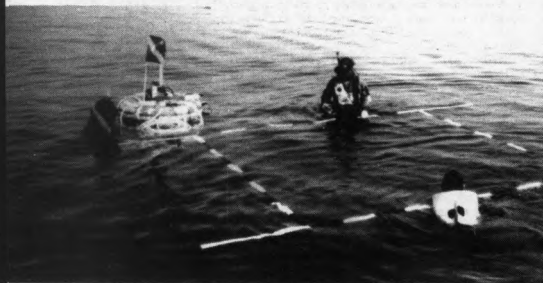
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Port Royal, Jamaica. . .

CITY UNDER THE SEA



For sound excavation controls, the archaeologists established a grid system and here divers place a metal grid in the excavation area. Air compressor floats on ring.

**Texas-based nautical archaeologists explore
a different kind of Atlantis — one whose existence is not in doubt.**

By D. L. Hamilton and Robyn Woodward

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ALL TOO frequently, the term "underwater archaeology" has been interpreted as referring only to the excavation of ships but shipwrecks are not the only underwater sites. In some areas of the world, submerged habitations and harbors — in some cases even large parts of cities — are now located under water as a result of various kinds of natural occurrences. Unfortunately,

the mention of an investigation of a sunken city often conjures up distorted visions of quixotic quests for the lost continent of Atlantis somewhere among the Aegean Islands or in the Bahamas. Texas-based nautical archaeologists, however, are exploring an "Atlantis" of their own — the sunken city of Port Royal, Jamaica, submerged beneath the waters of Kingston Harbor.

For everyone who has daydreamed of buccaneers and adventure on the high seas, the mention of Port Royal evokes romantic images of pirate ships, warehouses bulging with glittering trea-

sure, gentlemen adventurers and drunken rogues atop kegs of rum. Port Royal's epic history indeed is accentuated by the outrageous deeds of her citizenry and by the cataclysmic acts of nature which plagued the city. Today, the tall ships are gone and the wharves are quiet, but the actual houses and streets of Port Royal, where the events of this past age took place, have endured — only they have been sealed in a tomb of water, sand and coral for more than 290 years.

Port Royal belongs to a select group of archaeological sites which includes Pompeii and Herculaneum in Italy and

Ozette in the state of Washington. Sites such as these are unique "catastrophic" sites — created by some disaster that preserves the cultural features and material in the all-important archaeological context. At this type of undisturbed site, the archaeologist is not dealing with a situation where — over a long span of time — houses, shops, warehouses, churches and other buildings were constructed, added onto, fell into disrepair, were abandoned, eventually collapsed, were razed, and then possibly built over. Port Royal is strikingly different: after only 37 years of existence this bustling city literally sank



As work progressed, the team platted a large multiroomed structure, probably a rowhouse. In the room numbered six, divers found a portion of a table in situ.



In Room Four, some 60 onion-shaped liquor bottles were unearthed. So called because of their shape, they are characteristic of late 17th-Century England. They are also called "Onyx Bottles" because of the dark glass color.

into the harbor in a matter of minutes during a severe earthquake.

THERE IS an abundance of archival material concerning the activities of Port Royal but much of this is of limited value in understanding the cultural setting of the city and its social and economic role in Jamaica and the Caribbean. It is important, therefore, to complement the written but often biased records with a substantial body of objective archaeological information to shed additional light on life in this 17th-Century cosmopolitan city.

Jamaica was discovered by Christopher Columbus on his second voyage

in 1494. Because of the lack of lucrative mineral resources on the island, it remained a relatively unimportant Spanish possession throughout the 16th and first half of the 17th Centuries. In 1653, King Charles I was beheaded and Britain was established as a Commonwealth, with Lord General Oliver Cromwell as Protector of the Realm. In 1655, Cromwell sent an expeditionary force under the command of Admiral William Penn and General Robert Venables to capture the Spanish island of Hispaniola in the Caribbean. The Spanish had warning of the impending attack and easily repulsed the disorganized interlopers.

Sailing westward the British fleet endeavored to salvage its mission by seizing the sparsely populated and poorly defended colony of Jamaica. On May 10, 1655, the fleet dropped anchor in what was to become Kingston Harbor and within the day put to flight the few Spanish defenders. The south coast of the island immediately was claimed for the Commonwealth. By 1660 all Spanish resistance on the island was eliminated just as the monarchy was restored in Britain with the return from exile of King Charles II.

Port Royal, initially known as Point Cagway or simply "The Point," was established at the end of the 6.8-mile spit of sand which separates Kingston Harbor from the Caribbean. Because of its strategic location the site was originally intended to serve as a defensive fortification. Between 1660 and 1692, however, Port Royal emerged as the most prosperous commercial center in

the English New World. Between 1660 and 1671, during the period of officially sanctioned privateering, the city earned its reputation as the "wickedest city on earth" because of the buccaneers and their activities and the loose ways of its citizens in general. During this period there was no British naval force in the Caribbean. To survive, Jamaica was forced to invite the buccaneers, formally organized as the "Confederacy of the Brethren of the Coast" on the island of Tortuga (off the north coast of what is now Haiti), to make Port Royal their base of operations in exchange for protection against the Spanish, Dutch and French. For a time, the buccaneers were an important economic asset and it is safe to say that except for the presence of these buccaneers, Jamaica probably would have been retaken by Spain.

Under the elected leadership of Captain Edward Mansfield and later Henry Morgan, the buccaneers devastated



The main underwater excavation tool is a water dredge. Water flowing through a specially constructed pipe creates a vacuum which dredges away sediments. Divers had to dig through about seven feet of sediments before reaching the 1692 levels.

Partially restored stone-ware bellarmine jug from Room Four is a reminder of the patrons who once crowded into one of Port Royal's taverns. Most businesses and even warehouses of the time had a room devoted to alcohol sale and consumption.



Spanish trade in the New World in a series of daring and brutal campaigns. Their activities were not confined just to the seizure of Spanish ships on the high seas. Morgan led the assaults on Porto Bello in 1668 and Cartagena in 1669 and culminated his career with the sack of Panama City in 1671. In 1670 the second Treaty of Madrid forced the British to revoke the special "Letters of Marques," or commissions, granted to these privateers against Spanish ships and settlements. In return for peace in the Caribbean, Spain tacitly accepted England's claim to Jamaica. Sanctioned privateering against Spain ended in 1671 but continued off and on against the French and Dutch.

After this turn of events, the governors of Jamaica were charged with the

task of suppressing privateering. Without a navy they had no means with which to enforce the new law and had no real desire to do so. Piracy was not effectively brought under control until after 1680. Ironically, when the laws against piracy were finally enforced, it was Sir Henry Morgan who was instrumental in the effort. Morgan returned to Jamaica in 1675 after having been taken to London in 1671 as a prisoner because of his raid on Panama the year before. After having been held a prisoner of state for a suitable period, he was knighted by King Charles II and made Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica in 1674.

As a result of the peace with Spain, extensive trade was established between the merchants of Port Royal and the

neighboring Spanish colonies. This economic fact slowly changed Morgan's attitude and the attitude of the majority of Jamaicans. Through open and illicit trade the Port Royal merchants and planters were realizing far greater profits selling or smuggling slaves and manufactured goods to the Spanish than from privateers' plundering. From 1680 pirates were not openly tolerated in Port Royal, and in 1687 and 1688 King James II of England and King Louis XIV of France offered pardons to all the pirates in exchange for their giving up the profession. With a strong naval force stationed at Port Royal to protect British interests in the Caribbean, the age of widespread, large-scale piracy was over — now that their ser-

vices were no longer sanctioned or needed. An era was over, but the romance and legend live on today.

As the island's plantations expanded during the final decades of the 17th Century, Port Royal became the mercantile capital of the Caribbean, trading sugar, dyewood, Spanish indigo and cacao to Europe and the New England colonies. The archival record shows that a multitude of craftsmen resided in Port Royal: architects, blacksmiths, carpenters, cabinetmakers, chandlers, comb makers, coopers, cordwainers, drugsters, goldsmiths, gunsmiths, hat-makers, ivory turners, pewterers, sail-makers, tavernkeepers, wherry-men, victuallers and vintners. The majority of the large warehouses and sumptuous



One corner of Room Five yielded a spectacular find — a unique, late-Stuart-period pewter tankard with a lid bearing four hallmarks and a molded Bacchus-head thumbpiece. Its height to top of thumbpiece is about seven inches.

private dwellings were situated on Thames Street which ran along the northern side of the spit. Fort James occupied the point projecting into the harbor at the tip of the spit. Fishers Row, situated between Forts Charles and James, was lined with markets, taverns and warehouses. In 1692, Port Royal covered approximately 20.6 hectares (51 acres) of land, had a well-to-do population of 6500 and contained more than 2000 buildings, many of them substantial brick structures standing four stories high.

THE BUSTLING activities of the harbor front and the opulent splendors of the merchant establishments were brought to a sudden and frightful end at 20 minutes before noon on June 7, 1692. With little warning two-thirds of the city was destroyed by a violent earthquake and an ensuing tidal wave from the harbor. Within minutes, 2000 people had lost their lives and by week's end, injury and pestilence claimed an additional 2000 to 3000 souls.

Efforts were made to reestablish a commercial center at Port Royal, but every attempt was greeted by new disaster — a hurricane and fire in 1704 and hurricanes in 1712, 1722, 1726, 1744 and 1780. With each new catastrophe, fewer people chose to return to the point. The British Navy, however, did not abandon Port Royal as a base of operation. The spit was refortified and a large naval yard with greatly expanded facilities was established. During the 18th and 19th Centuries the naval station continued to expand: a coaling station, a hospital complex and an administrative center were built as

the town became the headquarters of the British Caribbean fleet. Then, in 1905, Britain's imperial strategists reorganized their naval fleet system and suddenly, bases like Port Royal were closed.

Underwater salvage and looting of the sunken city began as soon as the tremors of the 1692 earthquake stilled. These early efforts slowly stopped as the ruins of the city became buried in the harbor sediment. The popularity of SCUBA diving in the last 30 years renewed interest in the legendary seaport and during the past three decades there have been several attempts to explore the underwater city. Little of this work, however, was conducted by professional archaeologists with the controls and documentation demanded by modern archaeology.

In 1956 and 1959 Edwin Link, an American inventor, investigated a small section of the city in the vicinity of the King's Warehouse and Fort James. During Link's second season, he and his team had compiled and indexed the real estate record from 1661 to 1670. From these data he produced a map of the pre-1692 city which has been used by all subsequent researchers. Another American, Norman Scott, dug in the area around Fort Carlisle during the summer of 1960. In 1965 when the southwestern portion of the city opposite the Old Naval Hospital was threatened by plans to construct a deep-water harbor and pier, Robert Marx, an American marine archaeologist, was hired by the government of Jamaica to explore the endangered area. Between 1966 and 1968 Marx excavated two acres of the submerged seaport, finding the remains of fish and meat markets, at least two

taverns, three ships, numerous dwellings, brick walls, foundations and cisterns along with a great wealth of artifacts. Unfortunately, the vast artifact collections were never thoroughly studied or published by Marx before he left Jamaica. But he did publish a series of mimeographed reports on the more diagnostic material.

In 1978, 10 years after Marx ceased his work, the government of Jamaica requested the Institute of Nautical Archaeology's assistance in the resumption of underwater excavations at Port Royal. A long-term plan of collaboration between the government, the Institute of Nautical Archaeology and Texas A&M University was established. A thorough research program was initiated and plans were made for a historical center to be built at Port Royal.

In June 1981, co-author D. L. Hamilton, with 12 students enrolled in a graduate underwater archaeology field school at Texas A&M, arrived in Jamaica to begin new archaeological research at the site. The project's base of operations is in the Old Naval Hospital constructed in 1809. The building contains a museum on Port Royal and all the facilities required to conduct thorough archaeological research: workrooms, conservation laboratory, photographic studio and darkroom and a cartography division. The Port Royal Project of the Jamaican Government has an experienced staff working in all of the divisions. The Hospital's outbuildings are used as dive gear lockers, equipment storage areas and a wood conservation laboratory.

The project's first objective was to investigate the possibilities of conducting controlled archaeological excava-

tions in the submerged portions of the city. Earlier explorers had reported that zero visibility made photodocumentation impossible. Furthermore, stratigraphic control of the archaeological deposits could not be maintained since excavators had to dig through at least seven feet of soft sediments before reaching the 1692 levels. The TAMU/INU team was also warned about the dangers of jellyfish, sharks and collapsing walls — but these reports proved unfounded, at least in the areas the team tested. The only fins slicing through the glassy surface of the harbor waters belonged to friendly dolphins or were attached to the feet of fellow team members. Visibility averaged about three to 10 feet, enabling the divers to maintain horizontal and stratigraphic control, plot the location of artifacts within an established grid system, prepare detailed drawings of the architectural features and take underwater photographs. Remains of the 17th-Century city were encountered in the first few feet of digging, sealed beneath a thin layer of silt and a dense layer of interdigitated coral.

Land archaeologists probably would feel right at home at the site of Port Royal. It was quickly discovered that the excavations could be carried out much in the same way as at any land site with similar excavation techniques and tools. Aside from provisions for the workers to breathe under water and the complex problems of dealing with the vast array of well-preserved artifactual material, Port Royal is no different from any other 17th-Century archaeological site. The fact that this "land" site is now under water seemed only incidental.

A popular picture of an underwater archaeological excavation involves large fancy boats and a vast array of equipment. For some digs, these may be necessary, but at Port Royal the excavations are conducted quite simply with a minimum of equipment and complex surface support facilities. The divers simply swim out a short distance from the old stone seawall beside the hospital complex to the area currently being excavated by the TAMU/INA team. Since extended dives are made in a small area in shallow water, a small HOOKA air compressor floating on an inflated ring delivers air through four air lines to four divers on each shift. SCUBA gear and tanks are used only on wider-ranging surveys. The main underwater excavation tool is a water dredge. Water flowing through a specially constructed pipe creates a vacuum which dredges away the sediments, exposing the archaeological deposits. The sediments are discharged from the site through a long flexible hose connected to the dredge. Air lifts have not been used on the site because they are not effective in shallow depths.

Along with the dredge, standard archaeological tools such as mason trowels, bubble line levels, string and measuring tapes are used to excavate, maintain proper controls and record information. A small boat with a boat tender is kept anchored over the excavation area during all diving operations. The boat tender watches over the divers, the floating gasoline-run compressor and the gasoline-run water pump for the dredge. In addition, the boat tender keeps track of a vast array of supplies which may be needed by the working divers on the bottom.

The first task assigned to the team in 1981 was to relocate the sites of earlier excavations. Unfortunately, because the accretion of sediments had concealed all evidence of earlier digging, relocation proved impossible for all but the large area worked by Robert Marx. None of the previous investigators had tied their excavation areas into permanently established datum points with fixed coordinates. Before starting any new excavations, the Jamaican Department of Surveys established a set of three fixed markers (designated GOJ No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3) on the grounds of the Old Naval Hospital opposite the area under investigation. These markers serve as permanent datum points for the entire site and all future researchers. Since Port Royal was built and surveyed on the basis of the English measurement system, we decided to excavate the site using the same system instead of the more standard metric.

The group next moved north to an undisturbed area of the submerged city and established two 10-foot test units. This area yielded only a few sherds of pottery, glass, lead weights, scraps of leather, broken pipestems and a few butchered animal bones. The only architectural features of note were one large post which stood alone in the center of the test area and a posthole in one corner. In all probability, both are the remains of pilings from some pre-earthquake structure.

Hoping to discover more substantial architectural features, the researchers moved farther west into deeper water before sinking a second test square in 13 feet of water. An *in situ* brick floor was found just inches below the seabed. The overburden was stripped away with

meticulous care, the students following the outside wall of the structure. Next the excavation was extended to the southwest and northeast outside the original 10-foot square in an effort to define the corners of the building. Dive times were increased as the pace of the work accelerated. On the last morning, a small gap and a second foundation were found. The next shift of divers established that the wall footings and brick patterns of this second foundation were indeed different from those now called Building One. How did this second structure relate to the first? The team returned to Texas full of optimism for what the next season might hold.

THE 1982 expedition members focused all their efforts on the excavation of Building One, the main structure located in 1981. After a few days of excavation, it was established that the floors and walls exposed during the last days of work the previous year were all part of the same structure. Large sections of the flooring were covered with the debris of collapsed walls. In the long run this proved fortuitous, for trapped beneath the jumbled bricks lay quantities of well-preserved artifacts and architectural details. As work progressed it became evident that the floors and walls belonged to a large multiroomed structure, probably a rowhouse. By the end of the season the team had shifted the centuries of overburden from an area of more than 350 square yards, revealing enough architectural detail to predict the overall size and orientation of the building. There were at least six rooms on the ground level and enough fallen brick to indicate there may have been an upper story.

Both of the excavated rooms appear to have been 18 feet wide and about 24 feet long. The length is only an approximation as the floor and walls at the southern end of the building are broken and jumbled as they slope downward at a pronounced angle. The architectural evidence suggests that the three northern rooms were constructed first and occupied for a period of time before the addition of the southern rooms which were constructed over a large amount of 17th-Century trash. Each of these northern rooms is connected to the room immediately south by a door in the southeast corner of the common wall. Two wooden doorsills were still in situ between Rooms One and Three and Rooms Two and Four.

Interestingly, the northern rooms of the structure differ from the later southern additions. The brick floor patterns of the northern rooms are laid out diagonally in a herringbone pattern, the elevation of the floors is noticeably higher and the interior walls have been plastered and whitewashed. None of the walls of the southern rooms are bonded or joined to the cross wall shared by the north and south rooms. This wall, with its well-defined stepped wall footing, has the appearance of an outside wall, which supports the view that the southern half of the building was constructed later. In fact, it was discovered that there were two floor levels in each of the southern rooms, separated by an inch or more of artifact-laden fill. With the high water table in the town the original floor probably tended to be damp and the occupants of the structure may have put down the second course of bricks to keep their feet dry.

Although the excavation of Building One is far from complete, enough materials were recovered to enable us to suggest some theories on the possible functions of the two excavated rooms. From Room Three the excavation team retrieved large quantities of butchered animal bones and sea turtle shells, large iron hooks, scraps of leather, shoe soles, masses of kaolin pipestems and bowls, shell buttons, assorted hand tools and a complete wicker basket which measured about 35 inches in diameter. Several fragments of pewter were found but the most notable finds were four matched pewter spoons found in the southwest corner of the room. Each spoon had portrait busts of the monarchs William and Mary who reigned jointly from 1689 to 1694. In light of the quantities of animal remains, possible meat hooks and scraps of leather, the room may have been either a butcher's shop or an area where leather goods were processed.

Another purpose was evident for Room Four where artifacts clearly indicate that this room was associated with the selling and consumption of alcoholic beverages. We know that liquor was consumed heavily and most businesses and even warehouses had a room devoted to the sale and consumption of alcohol. In the northwest corner of this room there were five extant posts, a beam embedded in the floor and several pieces of wooden boards delineating the location of a rectangular enclosure, possibly a stairwell or a bar. In the center of these posts a mound of at least 60 onion-shaped liquor bottles was unearthed. All of the bottles are the characteristic late 17th-Century English Onion Bottles, so called because of

their shape. They are also referred to as "Onyx Bottles" because of the dark color of the glass. A number of the complete bottles had their corks with brass retaining wires still in place. Several contained brackish liquid and four contained enough trapped air to propel them upward as they were excavated.

One corner of Room Five yielded a spectacular find — a unique, late-Stuart-period pewter tankard with a lid bearing four hallmarks stamped in the top and a molded cherub or, more likely, a Bacchus head thumbpiece. One of the four hallmarks on the lid and the maker's mark in the center of the interior surface of the bottom have the initials "IK" within a shield. The most likely maker was John Kenton whose touchmark appears on the touch plates in the Pewterer's Guildhall in London from 1677 to 1722.

Considering the northeast to southwest orientation of Building One and its projected position in relation to the original harbor front and Fort James, we believe that this rowhouse structure was situated on a large lot on the south side of Lime Street across from the intersection of Lime and High Streets. To date we have not been able to find any precise information about who owned this property or what activities were carried out at the time of the earthquake. John Taylor, who visited Port Royal in 1688, wrote a vivid account of everyday life in the city. In his manuscript he states that this land was formerly owned by the King and that there were fish and meat markets along Lime Street. The real estate records for 1692 have not been found, and archival research to date has not confirmed the name of the individual(s)

who held title to this particular block of land at the time of the earthquake. At various times ownership has been attributed to John Mann, James Bonham, Ann Thorne, James Galloway and Roger Hill. It is hoped that ultimately the tax records will help answer the question of ownership and use of Building One in 1692. As is often the case, however, archaeological data may have to provide the answers.

The results of the past two seasons' research have confirmed our belief that the archaeological potential of Port Royal is unparalleled. On most historic sites many of the questions relating to social class, role and ethnoreligious differences, food habits, development of local trade and architectural styles are difficult, if not impossible, to answer. As part of a catastrophic site, each building at Port Royal and the artifactual material contained therein was in use until the moment the earth fell from under the city and the walls caved in.

The potential to reconstruct the activities of each room and capture the spirit of the people who occupied them is unique.

Beneath the waters of the harbor, there are hundreds of submerged buildings with a wealth of architectural data and in situ artifacts which will help reconstruct life in Port Royal in 1692 and define the city's relationship with the Americas, the expanding British colonies and Europe at the close of the 17th Century. The importance of this site demands continued thorough, well controlled and detailed investigation to reveal Port Royal's archaeological and historical potential. The work has just begun and will continue for years to come. And when the 300th anniversary of the sinking of Port Royal occurs in 1992 — which is also the quincentennial celebration of Columbus' discovery of America — we will know much more about Port Royal and its contribution to history.



CLAMMED UP FOR 30 YEARS

By Dwight Whalen

A SST. BRIGID'S Separate School in Ottawa, Ontario, was being torn down, the foundation walls of the fire-gutted structure yielded a surprise.

"Mr. Norman Rusk was working on the thick stone-and-mortar walls, which had been demolished to within five feet of the ground, when he noticed, buried in the mortar in the center of the wall, a hard peculiar substance," reported the *Ottawa Journal* for August 5, 1924. "Prying it loose, he washed it in water and discovered it to be a clamshell two inches long and one and a half inches wide. But, more wonderful still, the clam showed signs of life, for the edges of the shell were wet and sticky. A further test showed that life was not extinct. The shell, placed in water,

opened slightly, and for 10 hours bubbles rose from the shell, even after it had been removed from the pail and placed in a jar of water.

"Mr. Rusk notified officials of Victoria Museum... who expressed great surprise at the tale and some incredulity. However, this morning the shell is being taken to the Museum... and it will be subjected to examination and placed among the curiosities in the building.

"It is over 30 years since the walls of the school building were built and the only solution offered is that the clam was in the sand or water at the time of construction and was sealed in the wall. That it should continue to live for three decades in its cold sarcophagus is... quite unexplainable."

By Alijandra Mogilner

YANKEES — who have little grasp of the Mesoamerican's respect for the supernatural — take the word *bruja* to mean simply "witch." But in Mexico this word may signify much more — for example, a healer or even a full-fledged sorceress who can become invisible, change form and talk to animals. My own encounter with a *bruja* in 1968 haunts me still.

In the days before I became a wife and mother, I was an archaeologist. I scratched out a marginal living in Mexico going from dig to dig. But my avocation, which made my meager life-style

Everywhere I went in Mexico I found deep respect for the supernatural.

A lawyer in Rosarita Beach literally ran away from me when I related that I had been looking for Santa Yisabel, one of the "lost missions" founded by Franciscan priests during the early colonization and conversion of Mexico. Several were located on obscure sites of mines — silver, gold or precious gems — and Santa Yisabel is one of these. When the Jesuits replaced the Franciscans, the earlier priests stored their earthly treasures in these obscure missions and charged local tribes with protecting them. Legends of curses and other occult protection grew up and a modern

HOW TO KILL A WITCH

Something was stealing the chickens —
something with the body of an animal and the soul of a woman?

worthwhile, was knowing and working with the Mexican people. I don't mean the mestizos, those who are more European than Mexican. My passion was for the people of the land, the descendants of the great pre-Columbian civilizations whose spiritual knowledge had burned brighter than any in Europe, then guttered and died at the hands of the Spanish conquerors.

I have taught Toltecs at a mission school high up in the Valley of Mexico, fought lily-clogged waterways in Mayan country and helped hide black gold from the Federales in Puebla.

lawyer's reaction to the mention of Santa Yisabel shows their effectiveness.

Yaquis told me that their ancestors still guarded the lost gold mine and mission of Tayopa in Sonora. And in Puebla in early 1970, I was a witness when a priest and 10 of his students were literally held prisoners in a one-room school while a deep howling noise shook the adobe building. I tried to open the door but it wouldn't budge. The girls cried that it would do no good because this had happened before and no one could open the door until the "devil" went away. The students

huddled together while the very pale priest held up his crucifix and prayed in a loud voice. After about five minutes the howling stopped and although we had felt and seen the walls shaking, the school apparently sustained no structural damage.

The Zapotecs were an exception to this general recognition of the supernatural. They seemed to respect and accept other natives' beliefs but eschewed any sign of superstition themselves. The Zapotecs have always been known to be firmly entrenched in reality. They were fierce fighters and the only tribe the Aztecs could not conquer. (The great freedom fighter and first president of Mexico, Benito Juarez, was a Zapotec.)

Nevertheless, I expected to hear legends of how the gods had helped the Zapotecs in their centuries-old struggle against Montezuma, the last Aztec emperor. Instead, the people laughed and showed me drawings of the *danzantes*, writhing figures dripping with blood, drawn on altars at Monte Alban. Archaeologists have fought over their meaning for years, a controversy the native population finds extremely comical. The solution is simple. Instead of cutting out the heart of a captured warrior, sending him instantly to heaven, the Zapotecs cut off his genitals and let him bleed to death. Rather than pursue such an enemy the Aztecs left them alone.

In 1967 I was working as a photographer with a large, well-financed crew exploring Monte Alban. That summer we moved to Mitla, a small town just north of the temple site. This was Dan Zue, the place of the people, where the ancients had lived. It was still home to

their descendants. The graves of their ancestors held no threat for the Zapotecs and they lived close by the ruins.

The people of Mitla enjoyed an almost communal type of existence. Wherever the village children happened to be at mealtime they were fed. A catch of fresh fish was shared with everyone, even our crew at the hotel. My laundry was often added to that of one or another family because the women were sorry that I had to "work." It was a quiet, idyllic life and some of us on the crew talked about building adobes and settling down there.

One day Dona Juano, the owner of the hotel, grumbled to me about "the bruja" stealing chickens again. This surprised me because I had never heard anyone mention a bruja. The idea of a bruja acting as more than a healer flew in the face of everything I had learned.

Within a week several others had joined Dona Juano in her complaint. Stealing chickens is a serious matter in Mitla — as it is almost anywhere outside Mexico's urban areas. Chickens are more valuable than hard cash. Inland, where the diet is primarily vegetarian, they provide meat. On the coast where Mitla is located, they provide a welcome change from fish. Most important, they provide eggs. Eggs could be eaten or sold when the need for money arose. Women need eggs to make pan dulces, the traditional sweet breads popular throughout Mexico.

Although I had lived in the village for some time, I saw the old woman they called a bruja for the first time in late summer of 1968. Dona Juano pointed her out to me, saying that the old woman had the power to change herself into a coyote. In that form she had been

stealing the chickens. But Dona Juano quickly added that there would be no more chickens missing from Mitla. The Zapotec village council had warned the bruja and the people were prepared to defend their property.

Everything was quiet for several weeks thereafter. The villagers stayed closeted in their homes after dark. Celebrations and saint's days went by with little recognition — most unusual in a Mexican village. Such quietness is almost ominous because these people will take any excuse for a celebration, events that usually involve the whole town.

About a month after Dona Juano had said there would be no more chicken-stealing, the sound of gunfire awakened me at two o'clock in the morning. I learned the next day that Juan Carlos, who worked with our crew, had fired his rifle at a coyote which was trying to break into his chicken pen. He said he was sure the coyote had been wounded in the left shoulder and it had limped off to the north — in the direction of the old bruja's home.

Breakfast was late at the hotel that morning because the villagers, including our hostess, had gone out to visit the bruja. Dona Juano reported that when they arrived the old woman had answered their summons while hiding her left shoulder behind the door. When the villagers insisted she come out, the shoulder wore a fresh bandage. That



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being all the proof they needed, the men took the woman out and shot her.

Dona Juano assured me that the coyote would no longer prey on Mitla's chickens. She was quite correct.



Last Night I Dreamed of Ruth

In amazement and wonder I looked at my dear wife,
back from the dead after 30 years with a chilling prophecy.

By Robert Weinstein

LAST NIGHT I saw Ruth. She suddenly and unexpectedly returned to me in my dream.

My wife Ruth has been dead for over 25 years. Since the day she died I have not been able to picture her face at any time, asleep or awake. Nor have I been able to recall in picture form any part of our life together. Now, for the first time, she reappeared in my dream.

Of course, what happened that long-ago March 14, 1957, when Ruth died, was that her cancer had been so prolonged and so horrible that my mind shut down, blocking out all memory of her. I could talk about her and remember incidents from our life together but I could not picture her. I could stare at her photograph but when I turned away I could not see again in my mind's eye her sweet pretty face.

When the children were very young, Sari three and Larry seven, and spoke of their departed mother, I felt that all the things they remembered had not happened to us but rather to some other family we had known in the past. There was a detachment or gap between the life we had lived together and what remained after she was gone.

Now, as a sort of distant, foggy memory, I recall that our children grew up, left home and were well launched on their own successful careers and lives. A generation after she died, Ruth became a grandmother and I a grandfather, when our daughter Sari had a baby girl, Jodi.

Yet, in my dream, when Ruth at last appeared to me on the 25th anniversary of her death, she was again a pretty young girl as she was when I first met her. I have no explanation for how this was possible. Where had the memories been all those years? Locked in some dark corner or recess of my mind, hidden beyond my powers to call them out. Perhaps something triggered my memory, jolted my cerebral circuits, causing her image to burst forth in freshness and clarity, bridging the years.

I do not believe in the supernatural or ghosts or even in life after death or anything else that defies natural law, but I must admit that sometimes things happen that cast some doubt on my beliefs. All I am saying now is that something happened in my brain during my sleep. I am the first to deny that any sort of miracle occurred or that there is no rational explanation for what happens when we are asleep. I am

simply saying that I saw Ruth in my dream and she spoke to me in my dream; we communicated and when I awoke I recalled everything that had transpired in my dream.

I am relating this as simply as I can. I am not trying to interpret my dream or look for hidden meanings. I am not trying to make the dream more significant than it was. I am just saying that my mind encountered some sort of inner vision. I leave it to the analysts to make whatever interpretations they wish. I deal only in hard reality.

I can't prove any of what I am writing down. To a tough mind like mine, this is disturbing.

Some people may think what happened was some sort of love story or something equally silly. That can't be. I am an old man, admittedly gruff and certainly not sentimental or soft in any way. I was in business for over 50 years and I pride myself on being a realist. I dealt in hard, practical matters. The years molded me into the kind of man I am. I am not denying that the dream happened; I am just trying to put it in its proper perspective, to give it proper value. I do not want the dream to appear to be anything more than it actually was, some kind of mental aberration that can happen when you are asleep and your defenses are down.

Perhaps if a brain-wave recorder or some such device had been connected to my head, the machine might have recorded some unusual activity. Perhaps some day someone will invent a "black box" which will record the voltage, amperage and frequencies of the brain's activity while we sleep and make it possible to play back the dream on a screen at a later date. But there goes my practi-

cal mind, trying to convert fantasies into reality, into products. But I assure you the dream happened. It is as real to me as the sun, the skies, the trees.

Dreams are commonplace. I frequently have vivid, memorable dreams, sometimes in color. I trained my mind years ago to remember my dreams by the simple expedient of repeating over and over again before I dropped off to sleep, "I will remember my dreams. I will remember my dreams." I had read this method of remembering dreams in a scientific book somewhere. After a while it became second nature for me to recall my dreams and it was not necessary to make any special effort to do so. This idea did not work all the time, I hasten to add, but it worked enough times to satisfy me that the brain can and does retain dreams. Probably *every* dream is recorded somewhere in the brain, like data entered into a computer, to lie dormant just like other memories, until triggered into recall by something, sometime.

I also have nightmares about my experiences in the 20th Air Force during World War II, specifically the 313th Wing based on Tinian in the Marianas. I am not unduly disturbed by these wild dreams. I accept them with a sort of wry humor. I surely do not place any special significance on them. I have been assured at the VA hospital that nightmares are quite common to war veterans.

Sometimes in the past I have waked with pounding heart and racing pulse, shaking and afraid, but I have shrugged off these violent dreams by telling myself, "It was only a nightmare. What I dreamed about happened a long time ago and cannot harm me now."

Yet my dream of Ruth had a special bizarre, eerie quality which disturbed and puzzled me greatly. It was something Ruth said to me in the dream. I could not grasp the meaning of her words. I see now that I have fallen into the trap of accepting the dream as reality. Does a dream have a real existence? Was I being warned? Has something already been decided, somewhere, events beyond my ability to comprehend? Is there a time element in dreams? I do not know if there is a serious message in the dreams, especially in what Ruth told me at the very end, in her last words.

In my dream Ruth was there in front of me as if she had always been there. She did not suddenly appear or come into view or approach gradually. I cannot explain what happened — dreams are a special weird world of their own and must be accepted on their own terms. Ruth was just there as if it were the most natural thing in the world, despite the many years that had elapsed since she died. In the dream I accepted her appearance calmly and naturally, as if I had expected her. She was there; I was there. There was no setting; we were not in any *place*. There were just the two of us in a world void of everything else.

AT THE TIME of her death Ruth had wasted away. The bones of her face and body had protruded horribly, pushing against the sallow skin. My poor Ruth was not a pretty sight as she lay unconscious most of the time during the latter stages of the disease because of the massive dosages of morphine that were administered by the nurse who tended her during the day or injected by

me the rest of the time.

I still remember with horror how black and blue Ruth's arms and body were from the frequent stabbings of the hypodermic needle. I cannot picture them but the horror is still there. Her body was so wasted that sometimes it was difficult to find a place that was suitable for injection.

But in my dream Ruth was in the full bloom of young womanhood, healthy, vivacious, brimming with personality and vitality, exactly as she had been in the earlier days of our marriage. I would say that she appeared to be in her late 20's or early 30's in the dream, although at the time of her death she was 45.

Now here is a curious thing: I was my present self, a crusty old man of 71 years, perhaps still alert but nevertheless an old man. I do not know how this could be but Ruth instantly recognized me as if I had not aged. Even before she spoke Ruth kissed me. I do not remember how she was dressed but it seems to me it was in something simple. In life Ruth always liked purple because it was becoming to her and because I like it. In the dream I was not cognizant of color of any kind. I think now that there had to be colors in the dream but I was not aware of them.

Ruth simply leaned forward, smiled faintly and brushed my lips with hers. It was not a passionate or long kiss but simply a touching of her parted lips against mine. I was passive, my eyes open in apparent surprise. A dream is remarkable in that the sleeping person sees and hears and experiences all that transpires although his eyes are closed. No words are spoken aloud and whatever he thinks is happening is really

only in his own mind.

It did occur to me that there was no smell of perfume. In life Ruth always used a touch of some perfume that gave me pleasure. We had many a laugh over that and she thought I was rather silly over that perfume. In the dream there was no perfume. Odd that such an integral part of her personality should be missing. Or is there no sense of smell in dreams? There is so much I do not know.

After the kiss Ruth and I gazed at each other for a moment. At least it seemed like only a moment but in dreams the time factor varies. Perhaps an hour passed, perhaps a split second. I am giving my best recollection. It is difficult to be precise about a dream.

My expression was of amazement and wonder. Ruth wore an amused, knowing, delighted smile, like someone who knows she has surprised you and is getting great pleasure out of your amazement. My mind, in the dream, was completely blank for a time after the kiss.

You would think that I would have had a thousand questions, that my astonishment would find expression. After all, many years had elapsed. But I was not in control of my senses and dreams do not follow any rational pattern. There is an air of acceptance in dreams. What is happening seems perfectly reasonable.

I spoke first, after I know not how much time had passed. It was as if we had met in an ordinary way in real life.

I said, "Ruth!" in a surprised and inquisitive tone, indicating that Ruth's appearance was unexpected but still accepted by me. It seemed to me that Ruth was pleased by the surprise on my

face, for she smiled her charming smile a bit more broadly, just as she had in real life whenever she prepared a surprise for me. That had been a great delight of mine, the many little surprises my Ruth had prepared for me. She did not respond immediately to my calling out her name.

It occurred to me that Ruth showed no shock or disappointment at my age and appearance. Remember, I was only 45 at the time she was stricken. Certainly I was then of a more youthful appearance than I am now. Instead, Ruth seemed to accept my balding head, my craggy face, all the signs of age that had inevitably appeared.

She stood silently before me, graceful and slim as she had always been. I suppose I could not dream of her differently. Certainly, if I had any choice, I would have wanted her to appear just as she appeared in my dream. I want to add that, in this dream, there were no wraithlike forms, no nebulous misty shapes, no bloodcurdling sounds. Ruth was as she had been in her youth and I was as I am now. No daily, ordinary things were included; nothing else existed in that vacuum of a dream but Ruth and me.

I last heard Ruth speak over 25 years ago; yet, when she spoke for the first time in the dream, her voice was instantly recognizable. It had the same tone, expression and timbre as long ago. It was curious that I was taking part in the dream and yet, observing clinically all that happened, I was a part of the dream and at the same time detached.

I would have recognized Ruth's voice even if I had not seen her. She spoke softly, as always, and I had no difficulty

understanding her. I cannot say I heard her because it is obvious there was no actual voice. Nevertheless I heard her words, "Bob, you did a wonderful job with the children." An ordinary everyday statement made during a remarkable dream.

I MUST interject here what I think I was a small oddity in the incident. I must include it because it happened but it had no place in the dream, no connection with what was happening. Perhaps it did not even make sense. But in dreams we have no control; the dream controls us.

One time in a deep sleep I dreamed I was walking along a road and met some people I knew. "What are you doing here?" one asked. "You are far from home."

I replied, "I am not far from home. I am asleep in my own bed. This is only a dream."

And so in this dream of Ruth I must include the extraneous thought I had in my dream although I do not see what it has to do with what was happening. It flashed through my mind that if only I had a tape recorder I could capture Ruth's voice on tape. What a curious, erroneous thought to have in a dream. There were, of course, no real voices. A tape would have been blank. Perhaps subconsciously I wanted to capture and hold part of the dream. The thought about the tape recorder flashed through my mind and promptly disappeared. I really do not understand the workings of the mind.

I spoke to Ruth again. My voice was not the gruff harsh voice I now have but held the tender, loving tone I had always used with her. "The children

were so young when you died, Ruth," I said. "I didn't know what to do. I did the best I could. Your cousin Helen offered to take the kids but I knew you wouldn't want me to give them up."

Ruth showed no shock when I said she had died. She replied in her silken voice, "I helped you as much as I could. I was always there when you really needed me."

"Were you?" I asked. "I sometimes felt that something from outside was helping me as I muddled through the meals, the laundry, the kids' schooling, all the problems I had, besides my business problems. Oh, I sold our house after the kids had graduated college and left."

"Yes," Ruth said, smiling serenely, "I know."

I added, "Sometimes I thought I was being helped by my mother or father. I kept getting lucky breaks whenever disaster threatened. The children were so healthy and cooperative and loving. They did so well, even when I was all broken up with grief. I couldn't understand how I was managing to get along."

Ruth smiled. "I know," she said again.

I went on, "I didn't ever think it was your help I was getting because something happened to my mind after you went away. I couldn't picture you or remember much about you. The doctor said the shock of your death had been too much for me. Blanking out my memory was how my mind protected itself. Otherwise I'd have gone crazy."

"Yes, I know," Ruth said, nodding slightly in her familiar way. "I understood. I couldn't do everything I wanted to do for the children and you but I did all I could."

I nodded. "I sent the kids through college," I said. "They did well. They got degrees. We prospered too because the business went well. There was always enough money. Was that you, Ruth, who guided me, showed me the way?"

"Not all the time," Ruth replied. "I could do only so much. There are rules, there are limits. Mostly I tried to put thoughts in your head. You did the rest."

"Was that how it happened?" I wondered.

Ruth nodded and said, "Now I must go. There is one more thing that I must tell you. That is what I really came to say."

In the dream I stood mute as Ruth told me the reason she had come back to me in my dream. Then she was gone. She did not fade away in a puff of swirling smoke but was suddenly gone—just not there any more.

In the instant that she was gone, I awoke. It was morning. I recalled every-

thing in all the detail I have written down. There is no question in my mind that the dream happened and that in the dream we kissed and spoke as I have recorded here.

But now a lot of questions come to my mind. Why didn't I tell Ruth that I have always loved her and love her still? Why didn't I ask if she would come to me again in future dreams? How did my mind reconstruct her face and body so that she was beautiful again?

Also I wonder what the effect of the dream will be. Am I now released from the grip of the emptiness, the void, the blankness that have enveloped me since her death? Is death not final after all?

I must consider also what Ruth said she had really come back to tell me, what she said was the real purpose of her nocturnal visit.

Before she disappeared she whispered softly, "You will be with me soon."

Was this all a foolish dream? Or have I received a genuine message from the next world?



"ARISE, O OX"

By Anthony Lawrence

ACCORDING to the Pentateuch (Exodus 13:19), Moses recovered the bones of Joseph in Egypt and the Children of Israel carried them during the Exodus to be reburied in the Promised Land. But there is no reference in any current version of the Old Testament as to the way Moses acquired the remains of Joseph, who died and was buried in Egypt. There is, however, an ancient legend to be found in the pseudepigrapha (ancient mystical literature) which relates how Moses found Joseph's casket. Some scholars believe this legend had been included origi-

nally in the Aramaic version of the Old Testament.

Moses is said to have written on a slab of wood the words, "Arise, O Ox," and then to have tossed the slab into the waters of the Nile. No sooner had the slab landed on the water than the casket containing the bones of Joseph rose to the surface to be retrieved by Moses. It is possible that the First Council of Nicaea (325 Common Era) discarded this legend, because as it continues, it contains astrological connotations—anathema according to Christian doctrine.

TRUE

MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay \$10.00 for each true experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed double-spaced on one side of the paper. They may be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. They must be signed by the author and address must be shown. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope.

LIFESAVING HUNCH

By Ruth Gerstenkorn

A HUNCH is a feeling or premonition that something is going to happen. The word originates from the superstition that it brings good luck to touch the back of a hunchback.

The human race has known from its beginning that people periodically possess knowledge with no natural explanation as to how they receive it. Unfortunately many of the explanations used to describe extrasensory perception are based on superstitious nonsense — but please, let's not throw out the baby with the bathwater.

Most intuitive hunches are mundane but the following incident showed me how this phenomenon can be of real benefit to me, even to my very survival.

During the summer of 1979 I was in real estate sales with the Red Carpet Realty in Fairfield, Calif. One warm Saturday I was assigned to be the floor person. As floor person I was responsible for servicing clients who walked into the office without an appointment.

One of these clients was a neatly dressed man in a crisp seersucker suit and carrying an exotic leather briefcase. He sat at my desk and questioned me regarding the location of country properties. Mr. X asked to see two properties we had discussed. But as we talked, I became apprehensive and my eyes searched the parking lot for a friendly face. The flush of foreboding that comes when your telephone rings at three o'clock in the morning told me not to leave the office with this man. I finally



Ruth Gerstenkorn

lied and told the customer that I had a prearranged appointment and would not be able to show him the property.

Mr. X thanked me for my time, picked up his briefcase and left the office. I had a hunch that he would go to another office, Gallery of Homes, located about two blocks away. I watched him walk out of the office, picked up the phone and dialed the police.

I didn't realize until the police questioned me that I had no real knowledge that the man was dangerous or that he was now in another office. Had he made any threats or sexual advances or behaved in any manner that would give foundation to my assertion? My sheepish answer was no.

I asked the police to drive by the other office to make sure everything was okay. The officer thanked me for my concern, said he would make a record of my report and hung up the phone.

I felt compelled to phone the other office and warn them. But warn them of what? I wasn't sure. I couldn't rid myself of the gnawing feeling that there was something sinister about the way the man held his briefcase.

My anxiety turned to panic. The voice at the other end of the phone confirmed that a man fitting my description was in the office at that moment, talking with one of the female salespeople. I asked to speak to the salesperson and told her under no circumstances to leave the office with the man, that he had just left my office and I believed he was dangerous.

Beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead. She was getting ready to accompany him on a tour of country

property. But, hearing the fear in my voice, she promised me she would not go. I called the police again and blurted that the man was in fact at the other office. I begged them to drive by.

The police did send an officer to the Gallery of Homes, more to get me off their backs than to check out anything. But just before they arrived, Mr. X's opened briefcase spilled a handgun onto the floor. Police questioning revealed the lack of a permit and they found a knife in the case along with the gun. A records check showed he was on probation for sex offenses. Mr. X would have harmed me or the woman in the other office, I'm sure.

Fortunately I had the hunch that, if I left the office with him, I would not return alive. I didn't know that he had a gun or a knife. I just knew that I should not go with him. And I did not want the Gallery of Homes saleswoman to go either.

My hunch saved two lives. — *Vacaville, Calif.*

DREAM-CALL TO WORK

By Bruce A. Jones

FOLLOWING my retirement in 1961 as an air-traffic controller, my wife Edna and I moved to Fresno, Calif., where we designed and built our own home.

In 1966 I began to work with Frank Hudson Plumbing Company of Fresno but was laid off because of the company's lack of business.

Three months passed and I had a normal dream in which the company asked me to return to work immediately. I jokingly told my wife about the dream as we ate breakfast. At 8:10 the telephone rang — the plumbing

company wanted me to return to work at once.

After about six months another business slowdown necessitated my being laid off again.

After another six months had passed, I dreamed the same dream again — the company needed me. While Edna and I were talking about the dream at the breakfast table the next morning, the telephone rang and my wife said, "There's your call to come back to work."

It was. I spoke with the foreman about the two times I had dreamed of being asked to return to work and he said that both times he had tried to call the night before.

ESP touched me once again. — Sheridan, Ark.

PICTURES IN THE NIGHT

By Eileen Ledbetter

I AM an avid reader and enjoy reading in bed late at night. Luckily my husband Patrick is a sound sleeper. Rustling pages and a glaring reading light seldom bother him.

One evening in the winter of 1979 in our home in Georgetown, Mass., I was reading *International Velvet* by Bryan Forbes. As a child I had been horse crazy and especially loved Enid Bagnold's novel *National Velvet* so I wanted to read the sequel. I had just finished a chapter that depicted a young girl and her horse entering the Olympics arena. The girl tips her hat to the judges — proper etiquette before beginning an event.

Just then my husband woke up and said, "I've had the strangest dream. I dreamed that a beautiful woman on a white horse rode into the bedroom. She



Patrick and Eileen Ledbetter

was wearing a wide-brimmed hat. She stopped her horse at the foot of the bed, took off her hat and bowed to me."

I was amazed. I told him what I had just read. Neither of us had ever had a psychic experience and I might have chalked up the dream to coincidence except for what happened the next week.

This time I was reading James Michener's *Tales of the South Pacific*. The book concerns World War II but the chapter titled "The Landing at Kuralei" is the only one that actually describes a battle. As I was reading this chapter, once again Patrick awoke and described his dream of a fierce battle on a beach. What he dreamed was much like what I had been reading.

I still read in bed but these experiences have never been repeated. Nevertheless, I often ask my husband what he has dreamed and he often asks what I have been reading. — Salem, N.H.

PLAYFUL ELEMENTALS

By Joy Terzich

OCCASIONALLY elementals enter our three-dimensional space and,

like poltergeists, disrupt our everyday activities. Sometimes — as in April 1984 in our Hibbing, Minn., home — their playful teasing gets entirely out of hand.

In their apparent affection for my husband Pete and me, they used the disappearing objects ploy. In the first instance I placed my favorite pin on the dresser with the intention of wearing it the next day. When morning came the pin was gone. A search of the bedroom produced nothing. I appealed to the little ones for its return and about two weeks later, I almost stepped on the pin as I got out of bed.

During that time my husband misplaced his car and house keys. We looked everywhere and searched all of his pants pockets. (He searched once and I searched twice.) Luckily we had a spare set. Two days later I had a feeling that I should search a third time. I found the keys in the pocket of a pair of pants we had previously searched.

The third and final prank concerned my favorite pants suit. It had buttons with flat pearlized inserts and one had fallen out. I glued the insert back on the button and placed it on the dresser to dry. In the morning it was gone. An extra button had come with the pants suit and I sewed that one on.

About two weeks later, after wearing the pants suit again, I washed it. When it had been dried, I saw one of the buttons in the dryer. "Oh, no," I thought. "Another button came off." But checking the jacket I found all the buttons intact. The one in the dryer had to be the one the elementals had snatched.

After that the tricks stopped. — *Hibbing, Minn.*

WINNING DREAM

By Paul Barkigia

AFTER SEEING the classic film *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, in which Humphrey Bogart portrays a down-on-his-luck character named Fred C. Dobbs, I had a vivid dream of being at the races and watching a horse named Fred C. Dobbs win.

I arrived for work at the Los Angeles County Archives about 10 minutes early that morning — May 7, 1975 — and had time to look up the race entries for that day at Hollywood Park. I stared at the newspaper in disbelief. A horse named Fred C. Dobbs was entered in the ninth race!



Paul Barkigia

I immediately went to see Eddie, a friend who knew a bookie, and gave him \$10, all I could afford to gamble.

"How do you want to bet?" Eddie asked. "Win, place or show?"

I answered, "Bet Fred C. Dobbs to win."

I finished work at 5:00 P.M. and went home to await the race results. At 6:00 P.M. radio announcer Bill Garr gave the results of the last race at Hollywood

Park: Fred C. Dobbs was the winner. very nice profit of \$61.00. — Los
He paid \$14.20 to win so I collected a Angeles, Calif.



MY PROOF OF SURVIVAL

FATE will pay \$10.00 for each story published in this department. Stories must deal with an actual experience proving spirit survival. They should be less than 300 words and typed double-spaced on one side of the paper. They may be mailed to FATE Survival Editor, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. Manuscripts must show author's name and address and include a stamped self-addressed return envelope.

BACK FROM THE WAR

By Aenne Weber

IN AUGUST 1914, when World War I started, my father Eduard Wolfertshofer of Munich was drafted and had to leave his wife and children. His destination was France. I was less than one year old.

On his way he stopped to see my mother's sister Anny Barth in Munich. He asked her, "Please help my wife and children. I am not coming back."

Shortly afterwards our grandfather Johann Sigl took us to his farm and brewery at Langqueid, Bavaria. Month after month Father's mail came regularly. At the end of 1915 he wrote that he would be coming home on vacation.

My grandfather confided to his wife Anna, "You will see! Eduard is not coming home anymore. For weeks he



Aenne and Bernard Weber



Den Heldentod fürs Vaterland starb
am 18. Aug. 1915 bei einem Sturm-
angriff in den Vogesen im Alter
von 33 Jahren Herr

Eduard Wolfertshofer,

1. Land.-Inf.-Regt., 2. Komp.

Meine Lieben mußt ich verlassen,
Um zu ziehen ins Feindesland,
Dort mußt ich mein Leben lassen
Für Gott und für das Vaterland.
Ach, wir mußt'n Abschied nehmen
Und reichten uns zum letztenmal die Hand;
Hier sehen wir uns niemals wieder,
Doch hoffen wir's in einem schöneren Land.
Sei still, sei still, mein armes Herz,
Es war ja Gottes Wille, so trage still
den Schmerz.

Ed. Sonntag, Wanderschaft. 27b.

has been following me. He's always by my side. But I don't know what he is trying to say."

A few days later my mother Magdalena Wolfertshofer sat down at the breakfast table with me in her arms and asked, "Father, did the horses get loose last night or did you get a new colt? There was so much noise in the stable."

Grandfather looked in Grandmother's eyes as if to say, "This is it!"

Ten days later the German government informed the family that my father had died a hero's death on the night Mother heard the noise in the stable.

Two decades later, in 1932, I got married. I lived happily with my husband Dr. Edward Weber. Then World War II began. My husband was not drafted

immediately but nonetheless one day he was called to serve at the Russian front.

For months afterwards he wrote regularly. Then suddenly the letters stopped coming and my letters to him were returned, stamped "Missing." The following month, July 1944, our beautiful home, along with my mother's was destroyed in the American bombing of Munich.

We fled to the small town of Hausen in Bavaria, where I received official confirmation that my husband was missing.

I felt in my heart that my dear husband was dead but I did not want to believe it.

One morning my six-year-old son Bernhard came down the steps looking in every corner for his dad. When I said, "You know Vati is not here," he ignored me. "Vati, where are you hiding?" he called. "I know you're home!"

Turning to me, he said, "Mutti, Vati stood by my bed. He had a big hole in his forehead and his arm was hurt, hanging down. I jumped up at once to hug him but he was gone so quickly."

When I insisted he had been dreaming, he responded adamantly, "No, I was awake and I saw Vati."

In 1950, when my husband was officially declared dead, I got a letter from his sister Anne Weber from Vilsbiburg, Bavaria. In it she wrote, "Shortly before he was missing, he sent me his wedding band and wanted me to give it to you 'at the right moment.'" — *Mexico, Mo.*

IN TIME OF NEED

By Cathy Ann Cuccia

ON VETERAN'S Day in 1984 I had an urge to telephone my grandmother Natalie Burton who lives in

Glenview, Ill. When I called she was crying. She was upset about the Vietnam veterans and the troubles they were still going through. She was also grieving for the men missing or still being held in Vietnam. I tried to calm her but when I hung up the phone I still hadn't succeeded in getting her to stop crying.

That night when I went to bed I felt relaxed and was soon asleep. But then I seemed to sit up and, turning my head, saw my body sleeping. As I looked toward the foot of the bed I saw my grandfather Leonard Burton who had died on July 20, 1975. In that first instant I felt he knew I now have a husband and son. Still I felt pressed to tell him of something urgent. I explained to him that Grandma was upset and I felt she needed him. Suddenly he was gone. I lay back down and slept without dreams.

The next day I called my grandmother again, this time to tell her what had happened. Before I could relate my experience she was telling me hers.

She had gone to sleep still feeling upset. Her bed started to shake as if someone were nudging it with his legs. When this woke her, she saw my grandfather standing next to her bed. The conversation they had was without spoken words, just as mine had been.

My grandmother and I may live thousands of miles apart but we believe my grandfather's love is still with us and keeps us close to each other.—*Dunedin, Fla.*

DAN'S LAST GOOD-BYE

By Andree Owen

MY HUSBAND Wade, Dan Murray and I had been inseparable friends for six years. Dan was a pain-

fully shy young man, somehow incapable of adjusting to the unkind world we live in. For years he talked about committing suicide and at one time he even told Wade what to do with his belongings when the time came. He talked about it so freely that we got used to hearing all about his plans for ending his life, the way he planned to do it, everything. We sometimes even laughed together when he talked about it in a humorous mood. Although depressed half the time, he saw humor in many things.

About 5:00 P.M. on March 6, 1980, the phone rang and it was Dan. He had a habit of calling us every night. I would talk with him until Wade came back from work around 5:00 to 5:30 but this night his voice sounded very different. It was trembling as he said to me, "You'll never guess what happened to me!"

I jokingly replied, "Oh, you met a nice girl. Or you found a wallet."

The line was silent and I felt he was serious this time. He said, "I got mugged and my head is bleeding a lot. . . ." He started to cry. He said the muggers had stolen some of his very dear jewelry. "Anyway," he went on, "I don't feel like talking right now. I'll sleep. . . ."

I hung up but the phone rang almost immediately again. It was Dan again and he said, "Could you do me a favor?" I agreed and he added, "If the police or anyone calls and asks about me, tell them I was coherent when I called you." I asked what that meant but he brushed me off impatiently, saying, "Just do it!"

I could see he wasn't himself, so I said, "All right, whatever you say."

When Wade came back from work, I told him about the strange call, so he

phoned Dan about 5:15 and Dan sounded different to him, too. Usually he would hold us on the phone for hours. He talked a lot and was the nervous type. But that night he simply said, "Listen, I'm really bummed out. My head hurts and I just want to sleep and forget everything." And he said good-bye.

Wade and I slept on the floor on a mattress. I slept on the side closest to the bedroom door. In the middle of the night something woke me. It was dark but I felt a strange presence. I looked up at the doorway and saw a tall man standing there.

I said, "Wade, you woke me up! You know I hate it when you stare at me!"

The figure disappeared. I put my head back down and as I rolled over I bumped against Wade who mumbled, "What's happening?"

I realized he had been lying next to me all that time, so I tried to tell him what had happened but he just went back to sleep. It took me quite awhile to go back to sleep.

The next morning the police came to the door to tell us that our friend Dan Murray had shot himself in the head the night before. We found out later that the time of death was right after Wade and he had talked on the phone. And I just know that it was he who came to our bedroom door to say good-bye. When he came we didn't yet know that he had committed suicide. I know in my heart that his soul lives on and we will meet again. — *Miami, Fla.*

IN LIVING COLOR

By William R. Garcia

IT WAS about three o'clock one afternoon in March 1927 when I told

Olive Goldberger, my aunt, that I was going to my room to rest. She was preparing dinner so I was excused.

No sooner had I lain down than I felt a chill wind coming through the window. I know I was not asleep, not even dozing, when a picture the size of a modern 25-inch television screen appeared on the wall in front of me about six feet from the floor. The picture, in unimaginably vibrant color, was that of a beautiful young woman.

Her hair was combed in a pompadour style and she looked to be 19 or 20 years old. But I was most struck by the sparkling color in the image — exactly as we now receive a color picture on a good television screen.

In the meantime I was scared stiff. I didn't know what was happening to me. When I felt I could not move I started to scream at the top of my voice — but I learned later that no one in the house heard a sound.

Just as the picture faded, I saw myself in miniature lying on the floor of my great-uncle's house, some distance away from where I was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Leo Goldberger, Olive's parents. Then I saw my great-uncle walk right through me as he said to his wife, "Let's go over to Leo's house." She smiled and agreed.

I was finally released from whatever had held me immobile. I jumped up and ran into the kitchen and asked Olive why no one had come to my room when I screamed. She said no one had heard anything coming from my room. Then I described to her what I had just gone through.

She smiled and told me to wait in the kitchen. She had something to show me. She came back with a large picture,

in color, and asked if this was the girl I had seen. It was — the same face, the same hair, the same smile and the same brilliant coloring. Olive then told me that the girl was Carmela, her sister who had died the previous winter. The bedroom I was now occupying had been Carmela's.

I also told Olive about my great-uncle's imminent arrival at our house. Half an hour later, he and his wife came. — *Los Angeles, Calif.*

POWER STRUGGLE

By Naomi Miller



Naomi Miller

FROM 1903 to 1962 the Victorian Hospital served the city of Kaslo in British Columbia. During July and August 1960 I was on the staff as a summer relief nurse.

One night, shortly after I reported for duty on the midnight to 8:00 A.M. shift, a patient's bell rang. "I'll take it," I told my aide as I started down the hall.

It was Mrs. Smythe who had rung. She was an elderly invalid who absolutely refused to use a bedpan. To transport her we nurses used a small wheelchair which was actually only a dining room chair with casters. It had belonged to a Mrs. McPhee who used it in her home until her death in 1955. Thereafter her husband had donated the homemade wheelchair to the hospital.

I went to Mrs. Smythe's room, helped her sit up, put on her bathrobe and slippers and slide awkwardly into the wheelchair. I left her in the bathroom and withdrew to the dimly-lighted corridor, returning for her when the bell tinkled. To my astonishment, the wheelchair had another occupant — a

dignified woman sitting erect with arms folded across her chest. Her grey hair was neatly braided and pinned coronet-style atop her head. As Mrs. Smythe began to lower herself into the wheelchair, the ghost leaned forward, placed her hand firmly on Mrs. Smythe's buttock and pushed. My patient straightened, swung around and glowered at me, ready to protest loudly. Her face paled when she saw the ghost. Both of us watched as the erstwhile active vision floated upward, fading into a cloudlike vapor and vanishing through the ceiling. Mrs. Smythe was silent as I helped her back to bed.

I had recognized the ghost. She was the woman who had played the organ in the United Church when I was a little girl. Checking with old-timers in the town, I learned the organist was Mrs. McPhee. I also learned that Mrs. McPhee and Mrs. Smythe had vied for leadership of the United Church Women's Group for many years.

Mrs. McPhee had returned to defend her wheelchair from her aging rival. — *Wasa, B.C., Canada.*





Boris Ermolaev, one of Russia's most imaginative young film directors, demonstrates his unique talents only to serious scientists, among them Venyamin Pushkin, a psychology professor at Moscow University, where he started carefully-controlled, government-authorized testing of the psychic as long ago as the early 1970's.

Soviet Psychic Ermolaev. . .

MASTER OF MIND OVER MATTER

Science has as yet no way to explain such mysteries
as Ermolaev's ability to suspend objects — even people — in midair.

Part I

By Henry Gris and William Dick

From the book *The New Soviet Psychic Discoveries*
by Henry Gris and William Dick
©1978 by Henry Gris and William Dick
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THE OFFICE of Luisa Georgyevna Nikitina of the foreign affairs department of *Literary Gazette* was at the far end of a long, poorly-lit dingy corridor on the top floor of a down-at-the-heels Moscow building. It was small, its walls badly in need of a repapering job, the furnishings sparse even by Soviet standards. But it had a visitors' corner of sorts—a low table with a few wooden chairs around it—making Nikitina's an obvious place to welcome guests. Much to our surprise, she was young and rather attractive, although she made little of her good looks.

This occasion was our first visit to the weekly newspaper that had set out to do a hatchet job on Russia's own psychics—especially on its telepathists—and was primarily responsible for Soviet parapsychologists' loss of face at home. While still in America, we had heard about the *Literary Gazette's* own experiments in the area of parapsychology. We decided to find out what this baiting was all about. Had the paper really managed to discredit Russian telepathists by, for instance, "disproving" beyond a shadow of a doubt their claim they could read thoughts at a distance of hundreds of miles? Our request for a meeting had been instantly approved. Obviously, the orders to accommodate us were explicit.

Nikitina's desk was dominated by a

giant old-fashioned typewriter of the kind long extinct in the United States but still very much in use in the Soviet Union. She rose from behind it and motioned us to meet her colleagues Efim Demoushkin and Viktor Ladyshev, both of the science department.

We had made it a point to be exactly on time, having learned from previous experiences that it was expected of us, and of them. The two men had beaten us to the time clock in a similar endeavor to be on time. This is the game you have to play in the Soviet Union: kill each other with precision. Both sides pretend that punctuality is an integral part of their existence. It is only after you miss out once or twice, they being late and in return you being late, that you know rapport has been established. You are friends—friends can afford to be late.

The two men, wearing business suits and ties, jumped to their feet, bland expressions on their faces. "We had been talking about you," Luisa Georgyevna said, trying out a thin smile. It was very formal. We shook hands and sat down.

After the preliminary introductions we fully expected a polite clash. But on that gray, raw morning in Moscow, we hardly suspected that the very government newspaper picked to attack Soviet psychic researchers would help us find Russia's most exciting psychic, whose incredible powers made him possibly the greatest in the entire world—the Soviets' answer to Uri Geller, the West's most famous psychic.

Luisa Georgyevna said pleasantly, "I suppose you'll want to meet Boris Ermolaev?"

"Boris who?"

"Obviously you haven't heard of

him. A very remarkable man. Lifts people and keeps them in midair with sheer willpower. We suggested to him we would invite leading physicists to our office so he could demonstrate his amazing powers to them and we, in turn, would write about it. But he turned us down. He said he could do it only in a setting of a home or a club, like our Cinema Club. So no test so far. We may do it yet. In the meantime, we're reserving our judgment."

"It all started at this very club," said one of the two men. He was the one who identified himself as Ladyshev—studious, in his thirties, rather nondescript in appearance. "I was attending the screening of a movie in the main projection room," he said, visibly warming up to the fascinating recollection, "when a young fellow rushed in, all excited, calling out loud, 'Ermolaev has just suspended Shipikhina in midair and she is up there right now, floating.'"

"I'll never forgive myself for not dashing out to see the famous woman film director float in midair. But others did, and they said they actually caught her slowly descending to the divan in the reception room where it all took place. Apparently she agreed to the experiment after he threw a handful of rice into the air. It formed a floating ball which remained suspended for maybe half a minute before falling apart again. To all intents and purposes, the rice had become a miniature planet held together by its own gravitational force.

"As I said, I didn't see it myself, but others did and swore to it. Very soon all of theatrical Moscow was talking about it," Ladyshev smiled. Anticipating our question, he added, "This was several years ago."

Did this Ermolaev live in Moscow? "Oh, yes," Luisa Georgiyevna said cheerfully. "He is a noted film director."

We vowed then and there to find him. First, we requested Yuri Shevyakov, our Novosti "aide-de-camp," to scrounge up photocopies of Soviet articles on Ermolaev going back quite a few years. These included full interviews and descriptions of his amazing feats from scientific journals. Viktor Adamenko and others contributed invaluable background information. We also sought information in Moscow's theatrical circles. After all, wouldn't these men and women be closer to a film director than anyone else?

Another well-known scientist, Genady Sergeyev, who holds a doctor of engineering degree and is a consultant mathematician at various Leningrad institutes, met Ermolaev both at home in Leningrad, where Ermolaev spent his youth, and in Moscow. He told us that the extremely talented Ermolaev learned the film business from the ground up and is considered one of Russia's most imaginative young directors. He was currently doing a film *Oblomov* based on the classic novel by Nikolai Goncharov. According to Sergeyev—and Ermolaev later confirmed this himself—he won't do his "mind over matter" feats on stage, nor will he take money for any demonstrations. He will show his unique talents only to serious scientists of his own choosing or to close friends.

Sergeyev, who has also experimented with Ermolaev, confirmed, "He has the unusual ability of concentrating his energy into a focal point in midair and causing objects to be suspended in the

air for many seconds."

Added Viktor Adamenko, "I am familiar with Ermolaev's work with Prof. Venyamin Pushkin, in which he demonstrated his ability to suspend objects in midair. These were carefully controlled tests. Pushkin is a highly respected scientist. Every precaution was taken to ensure that the experiments were scientifically sound. There is no doubt that Ermolaev has remarkable abilities."

Professor Pushkin is a psychology professor at Moscow University, where he has conducted carefully controlled, government-authorized experiments on Ermolaev. Just as we arrived, he contracted pneumonia and, during the entire length of our stay, was recuperating at a rest home for scientists outside Moscow. As a result we were prevented from seeing him—much to Ermolaev's dismay. He sincerely wanted us to meet Pushkin. Still, we read Pushkin's articles on Ermolaev and we met other scientists who were familiar with his abilities.

"There actually are people," Pushkin wrote in an authoritative monthly, "who possess the capacity of influencing objects so that they remain suspended in midair. I have witnessed Ermolaev suspend objects in midair. I believe that this man is capable of creating a magnetic field that defies gravity."

The tests Pushkin conducted took place in laboratories at Moscow University in 1973 and 1974, with full government approval. In an official report published later, Pushkin said that he started up each experiment with Ermolaev by going through warm-up exercises designed to put the subject in a state of high tension. Ermolaev held

his hands over playing cards lying face down and correctly called out their suits and values. Then Ermolaev moved objects on the table in front of him without touching them. Only after this came the most important part of the experiment with "target" objects that included a Ping-Pong ball, a box of matches and several pencils.

In his article, Pushkin matter-of-factly described what happened: "Ermolaev took an object in his hands, pressed it between his outstretched hands, then slowly moved his hands apart. The object remained hanging in midair. He continued to move his hands till each palm was about eight inches clear of the object. It remained in midair for a number of seconds."

Ivan Guderman, science editor of the newspaper *Evening Sverdlosk* published in the Ural city of that name and noted for its contribution to psychic research, was a witness to some of the 1973 experiments. He gave a graphic account: "The room is empty except for a table in the middle. On it, a Ping-Pong ball, a box of matches and several pencils. A man walks into the room, stops in front of the table, stretches out his hands, freezes, but by the expression on his face, by the tension of his body, one knows that he just doesn't stand there, that he is working. A minute goes by, another. Suddenly the ball is jerked from its position and is rolling off the table. The box is moving also, as though sliding across the surface of the table. The pencils seem to have lost their gravity and have risen into the air."

What is the secret of Ermolaev's strange power? Pushkin postulated that one hypothesis to explain his ability was connected with static electricity. In

essence, it was assumed that electrical charges affected the object in the vicinity of the human hand and moved the object or caused it to be suspended. After further experiments with Ermolaev, however, Pushkin concluded that the unusual effect could not be produced by static electricity. "I then considered the theory of one of our scientists, A. P. Dubrov. Its essence is that living systems are capable of originating and receiving gravitational waves. To accept this, one must accept the most unusual assumption that man is able to give birth to a gravitational field and then, with its help, affect surrounding objects. I was able to cross-check this theory with the strong evidence offered in the experiments with Ermolaev."

The noted scientist concluded—although stressing that it was still theoretical—that the demonstrations by Ermolaev were brought about by the creation of gravitational fields! He added: "The tradition of science invokes certain taboos in areas that deal with a violation of fundamental laws of nature. However, what is essential and should be stressed time and time again is that the feats of moving and suspending objects in air—with all their unusual and mind-boggling aspects—do not contradict the existing framework of physics."

"As for the future," he added significantly, "one should first accept the difficulties and face them squarely. One should not be afraid of the new facts and complicated problems. In our world of jet planes and atomic reactors, there still remains much to be identified. And it is the role of science to keep uncovering the secrets of the world."

The Pushkin report on Ermolaev and his abilities was confirmed by Doctors of Science V. P. Zinchenko, A. N. Leontyev, B. F. Lomov and A. R. Luria, all members of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, who signed their names to his report. Their findings were published in *Questions of Philosophy*, a scientific magazine, in 1973.

Pushkin reported further experiments on Ermolaev in the newspaper *Trud* in February of 1974:

"I witnessed Ermolaev holding many different objects between his hands, lifting them one by one into midair. It appears that the actual weight of these objects does not matter. It would appear to take the same exertion on Ermolaev's part."

"During one experiment, Ermolaev enlisted the help of his friend Maxim Zhukov. By having Zhukov hold a hand above his own hands, as if topping off the object, Ermolaev was able to keep the object in midair for a longer period of time."

"It was as if the object was hanging from a string on Zhukov's hands. But of course, there was no string involved. The experiments were conducted under the strictest controls, and no devices of any kind were used."

"At the beginning of this experiment, Ermolaev was very nervous, showing little confidence in himself, and objects stayed in midair only a second or two. He then demanded absolute quiet, showed a great deal of concentration and went on finally to regain his confidence. With that the objects remained longer in midair."

"My conclusion is that the field created by the subject is easier to control when the object is flat. Ermolaev can

obviously defy gravity. Obviously, a very special gravity existed in these experiments, and it is not subject to Newton's Law of Gravity. It is something quite different."

Pushkin confirmed his findings again in a 1974 report in *Technology and Science*. He stated that he had been able to verify some of the most remarkable phenomena applied to "what is called parapsychology." As a result of some "very thoughtful, thorough investigations," Pushkin wrote that he had come to the conclusion that many quite unbelievable reports are true.

His examination of conditions surrounding the experiments with Ermolaev showed that his ability totally depended

on his mental state, including the attitude of his audience. Each of the experiments caused Ermolaev considerable emotional stress. He fainted on several occasions and on others felt sick.

"The two elements—the fact that very few people have such unusual abilities and that they have problems in retaining full control over themselves—could be used by skeptics to deny the scientific substance of these phenomena," Pushkin wrote. "This, of course, would be totally unfair. It merely means that science has as yet no way to explain fully these mysteries of life. We have merely opened one little door into the micro-world of biological systems."

This is Part I of a two-part article.



THE WAY TO FLEE A GHOST

FOR THE last 17 years of her life, Hazel Mae Lovelady lived in cars parked in the front yard of her house in Bessemer, Ala. When she died in September 1985, a junkyard operator hauled away her 1970 Oldsmobile station wagon.

Her ways mystified neighbors in the northern Alabama steel town but her husband Wilburn said she took to living in cars to escape her mother's ghost. He is reluctant to talk about why his wife chose to live in automobiles.

"It happened after our oldest boy went off to the army," said Lovelady. "My wife said she could hear her dead mother walking around in the house so she moved out to the car. I could never get her to go back inside after that."

Sgt. J. O. Duke of the Jefferson County Sheriff's Department said it was common knowledge that Mrs. Lovelady

lived in automobiles and her husband frequently stayed with her.

"Everybody in town knew about them living in the cars," he said. "They weren't breaking any laws."

Lovelady declined to talk more about his wife but his neighbors Vera and Jack Adair said the Loveladys went through a half-dozen old cars during the 10 years they lived next door.

"She'd stay in them day and night. Sometimes Mr. Lovelady would take her for rides," said Adair, "but she wouldn't get out for anything—except for that summer she spent on the porch. That was after a car they had at the time caught on fire. She had to get out that time. She stayed on the porch for a couple of months, until her husband brought home the 1970 Oldsmobile station wagon. She lived in that until she died."

DOOMSDAY IS AROUND THE CORNER!

WILL CIVILIZATION END BEFORE THE YEAR 2000?

PREDICTED:

- APPEARANCE OF THE ANTI CHRIST - 666
- MASS LANDING OF SPACE SHIPS
- THE SECOND COMING
- WORLD WAR III
- THE EARTH FLIPS OVER
- PLAGUES & STARVATION
- CIVILIZATION COLLAPSES
- GRAVES OPENED & CORPSES GONE
- THOUSANDS VANISH

Back in the 16th century the famous — and highly accurate — French seer, Nostradamus, predicted the world would end in the year 1999. During the 1930's the "Prophet of Virginia Beach," Edgar Cayce, foresaw great trials and tribulations sweeping the globe before the turn of this century. Many religious leaders, including



- UNEXPLAINABLE OCCURRENCES — Psychics tell us that the planet could tip over on its axis and go spinning out of orbit. Some sensitives believe we will be destroyed when another planet or a "Dark Star" crashes into our world. Still other sensitives say it is possible we will be invaded from outer space.

MASS EVACUATION

But there is also a general feeling that many of us can be saved, that golden ships piloted by human-like beings from other worlds will help mankind through the crisis periods soon to strike. Many of these MESSENGERS OF LIGHT have reincarnated here in recent years and will help in a mass evacuation from this planet of the CHOSEN ONES. Find out if you are a "Cosmic Blend" and just who will be saved in our moment of need.

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- A time table indicating when these events will begin and the order in which they will

BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON is right around the next corner.

Scientists, psychics, clergy, UFO contactees unanimously agree that time is running out on civilization; that the hands of the cosmic clock are approaching the midnight hour, and doomsday could strike at any moment. They warn that our destruction could come in one of several ways:

• **ATOMIC WAR** — Already many nations have nuclear weapons and many more will have them by the end of this decade. The temptation to **PUSH THE BUTTON** and end it all grows each day as political ideology moves us further apart.

• **COLLAPSE OF GOVERNMENTS** — More and more people are unemployed, inflation is out of hand, and there seems to be no curbing of this trend. Our money — and the money of all nations — may soon be obsolete, worthless and banks may close one after another. Governments may literally "go out of business," and total anarchy will prevail across the land. The end result — we may go back to living in Stone Age fashion.

• **ENVIRONMENT TO STRIKE BACK** — Recently a representative of one government agency announced that in the next couple of years our planet will be struck by magnetic **SUPER STORMS** that could cause unprecedented blackouts. Our weather is turning against us. There will be more disasters of this type with an increase in earthquakes, volcanoes and a gigantic shifting of land masses which could wipe out a good portion of the earth's population. Cities such as New York and Los Angeles may soon sink into the sea.



PSYCHIC & UFO REVELATIONS IN THE LAST DAYS

by Timothy Green Bookley



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WHEEL OF FORTUNE

by Paul Steiner

Steve Feinland, "Greenwich Village Poet Laureate" in 1982, was born on March 18 and notes that his father Irving was born on December 18, his mother Ernestine on January 18, his brother Robert on August 18 and his dog Napoleon on October 18.

Mary Leakey, the world-famous anthropologist who considers the 3.5-million-year-old humanoid footprints at Laetoli her most important find, credits a native worker with seeing them first. While native aides were playfully hurling elephant dung at each other, one man fell amid the fateful prints.

In the 17th and 18th Centuries, when British physicians prescribed the juice of lemons in which pearls have been dissolved as a cure for epilepsy, they were following an old tradition. The ancient Greeks recommended lemon leaves as an antidote for food poisoning and used lemon rind as a moth repellent.

Months before President Reagan's controversial visit to a military cemetery in Bitburg, West Germany, the American Jewish Committee had invited Dr. Alois Mertes, West German Minister of State, to address its annual meeting in New York. When he did so on May 1, 1985, just before Reagan's

trip, Mertes revealed that he represented the Bitburg electoral district in the Bundestag. As a further coincidence he pointed out that the day of his speech was the 40th anniversary of his release as an American prisoner of war.

The official portrait of John Mitchell, President Nixon's attorney general, by Oklahoma artist Gloria Schumann, recently joined the portraits of all other attorneys general in the Justice Department in Washington, D. C. Mitchell, who served 17 months in a federal prison after his Watergate conviction, is the only ex-convict among the men who have served as the nation's chief law officers. Mitchell's portrait has been hung on the second floor where the criminal division is headquartered.

Harvey Fierstein, Tony Award-winning playwright and actor, will not open in any play or allow any of his plays to open on a date containing a "seven." He was scheduled to return to his role in *Torch Song Trilogy* on a January 7 but, to feed his superstition, he went in early — on January 5.

Michael Fox is the author of the book *The Soul of the Wolf* (Little, Brown, 1980). Psychologist Fox has been raising wolves and studying them for years.

The Making of a Skeptic

After 15 years of research a parapsychologist finds evidence of paranormal powers as elusive as ever.

By Susan Blackmore

IN 1970, when I first went up to Oxford, I became fascinated with the paranormal. I joined the student Society for Psychical Research there and ran it myself for most of the three years I was there. We met witches and druids, psychical researchers and parapsychologists, dowisers and occultists of all kinds. I began to learn the basics of parapsychology, its experiments and its claimed phenomena. I came to understand the implications of the paranormal and began to see ever more clearly the deep split between those persons who accepted the paranormal as a natural part of their lives and the psychologists and physiologists whose science I was learning.

My tutors thought I was dabbling in nonsense and hoped I would soon "grow out of it." Instead I developed a passionate desire to show that they were wrong, that you can't have a complete and workable psychology without taking the paranormal into account. I was determined to study parapsychology, little knowing where it would lead me.

First of all I worked on the idea that the key to memory lay within the paranormal. The physiological basis of memory was then (as now) under dis-

pute. My "solution" was: there is no physiological basis for memory. Rather, I believed that memory is like ESP — that is, all thoughts are stored in some communal store and available as either memories or ESP. At that time I (mistakenly) thought this idea was both original and workable.

I understood there were some serious problems with this but then, I thought, all good ideas face problems. The most important question for experimental science is whether a theory is testable and whether the results of those tests support or negate it. Clearly I had to find a way to test my hypothesis.

There are no postgraduate courses in parapsychology in Great Britain. It is possible to work toward a research-oriented Ph.D. at the University of Edinburgh but it is extremely hard to get funding. Also everyone there tries to put you off. Nevertheless I eventually began work for my Ph.D. at Surrey University while teaching part-time at a Polytechnic (roughly equivalent to an American state college) to fund my studies.

I was excited. I was actually going to test my memory theory of ESP. I would find out whether it worked or not. But it was hard to start. You want your first experiment to be so perfect that you never start at all! But by pure chance I

found myself able to teach a parapsychology course to undergraduates as part of their general studies program. I had over 100 students and I couldn't pass up the opportunity to use them as subjects. I set to work testing my memory theory of ESP.

I did three types of experiments based on three predictions. All of them began with the suggestion that ESP is more like memory than perception; it is more like remembering than like a "sixth sense."

(1) If ESP is like memory, then the errors made by those possessing ESP should resemble errors of memory more than errors of perception. I used pictures as ESP targets. The subjects had to guess the identity of concealed pictures. These pictures were placed in sets of three. A key picture, for example a caterpillar, resembled a train in appearance but was more closely associated with a butterfly. I predicted that if ESP were like memory, there should be more errors of *association*; but if it were like perception, there should be more confusion of *appearance*.

There were plenty of errors in my subjects' results. You always compare the number of "hits" with mean chance expectation in any given ESP test and I got just the number of hits one would expect by chance. That meant that I could not test my hypothesis about ESP/memory/perception because no evidence at all of psi showed up in my test.

(2) I predicted that the best types of target material for ESP should be those most easily remembered — for example, using words of varying frequency and ready imaging. But again I couldn't test this hypothesis because all my

targets were equally bad at eliciting psi!

(3) I predicted correlations between ESP and memory. But one cannot meaningfully look for correlations when one of the measures is of zero reliability. And that was the case for my measure of ESP.

During my two years of research looking for ESP, I chalked up quite an impressive record of failures. All my hopes for my memory theory were disappointed. Instead of making progress in understanding psi, I was thrown up against that perpetual problem: does it exist? It was the last issue I wanted to confront but it was forced on me by my failures.

* * *

OF COURSE it is possible there just isn't any such thing as ESP. My own failure to find it, however, couldn't justify such a conclusion. What about the hundreds of other persons who claimed to have found it? I couldn't dismiss them all.

There is also the sticky problem of ESP's being always defined negatively, as in "communication without using the recognized senses." In other words, you can say only what ESP is not, not what it is. This makes it difficult to say that it does not exist! And you can say that you have got ESP only when you have ruled out all other "normal" possibilities. Well, if you don't find evidence of ESP, what can you say? Only that you have failed to find something which, according to science, shouldn't have been there in the first place!

More pressing even than this issue is the fact that no one is surprised when you don't find it. The disbelievers or skeptics just say "told you so," which is exactly what many people happily said

to me. And the believers always have some excuse — the conditions of an experiment weren't right, the subjects weren't good enough or the experimenter's beliefs were wrong.

So what do you do if you actually want to know whether ESP exists or not? My approach was to continue systematically exploring all those "excuses" that might explain where I had "gone wrong."

Possibly I was using the wrong subjects. I had used only my own students; perhaps they weren't psychic enough.

At the same university where I was working, Ernesto Spinelli had been getting outstanding ESP results while testing children between three and eight years old. I tried to emulate his experiments with preschool children in a play group. We did simple ESP experiments in which the targets were colored candies and the children had to guess which color matched the hidden ones. Later I used pictorial targets. The children were delightful to work with and they were convinced they could "guess" the pictures their friends were looking at. But all our results were close to chance.

I decided I should test people who actually *claimed* psychic powers. This proved somewhat difficult. At pubs, lectures or parties I often met individuals who claimed to possess various psychic abilities. But when I invited them to the lab for testing, most of them found reasons why they couldn't come. A small number were willing and eager, to come, however, and I proceeded to test them.

I aimed always to find out what they liked to do best and then to design an experiment around their predilections. There is no point in testing for some-

thing your subjects don't claim to be able to do.

To take a simple example: A mother and daughter from Scotland asserted they could pick up images from each other's mind. They chose to use playing cards for the tests because that is what they used at home. I let them choose the room in which they would be tested and insured that there was no normal way for the "receiver" to see the cards. They failed. They could not get more right than chance predicted and they were terribly disappointed. They had honestly believed they could do it and I began to see how easy it is to be fooled by your own desire to believe.

I had similar experiences with several dowers, children who claimed they could move objects psychokinetically and several who said they had telepathic powers. They all failed. Even now I have a five-digit number, a word and a small object in my kitchen at home. The place and items were chosen by a young man who intends to "see" them while traveling out of his body. They have been there (though regularly changed) for three years. So far, though, he has had no success.

Of course you can argue that none of these people were really "psychic" but they certainly believed they were. Nor do I have access to any brilliant subjects. Apparently they are few and far between.

An alternate approach, however, is to train people in relevant skills which may lead them to develop psychic abilities. My experience and knowledge of ritual magic, astral projection and even meditation suggested these three skills; relaxation, concentration and vivid imagery, are commonly associated with

the awakening of psychic ability. I therefore put together a training group of 10 members and we taught ourselves for many months.

We learned a great deal. We became proficient at previously difficult imagery tasks; we improved our level of mental control and we had many interesting experiences — including brief out-of-body experiences and sensations of flying or floating. But when we tested ourselves, our ESP scores stayed steadfastly close to chance. This was just one of the findings that gradually caused me to see what a mistake I had been making. I had been equating these interesting experiences, even mystical and peak experiences, with psi. In fact they may have nothing at all to do with psi. Gradually I began to find the experiences themselves more and more interesting — and psi less so.

But I still hadn't discovered why I had failed to find it in my experiments. One further possibility was that the conditions under which I had worked were wrong. I had tested large groups of subjects in boring classroom environments. Perhaps *that* was the problem.

* * *

CHARLES HONORTON, a researcher at Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn, had published some highly successful experiments using the "ganzfeld" technique. The idea behind the ganzfeld is to cut the subject off from patterned sensory input by feeding white noise into his ears and placing halved Ping-Pong balls over his eyes. He then lies comfortably for half an hour or more, recounting all the imagery that enters his mind. Meanwhile an agent is looking at a picture in another room and after the session is

over the subject tries to select this target picture from among a group of others.

Not only was Honorton successful with this procedure but Carl Sargent at Cambridge was replicating the effect. Perhaps it would be best, I thought, if I placed *my* subjects in this specially psi-conducive setting. So I set about doing my own ganzfeld experiments.

I began getting lots of "hits." In one session, with my brother as agent, I seemed to pick up on almost every detail of the picture he was looking at. But the overall results of the experiments were again at chance. Those close correspondences were, I am sure, just the sort of coincidences you would expect to encounter in a series of such sessions. It is for this reason that we need statistics when evaluating our experiments. My statistics were telling me there was nothing more than chance — and perhaps the illogical human mind — at work.

I now seemed to have exhausted the commonly proposed "excuses" for experimental failure in parapsychology and I was still no nearer to understanding why others got psi in their experiments and I didn't. One last argument was handed to me by the successful experimenters interested in my work. Perhaps it was a "psi-mediated experimenter effect."

This suggests that "psi-conducive" experimenters — those with a good track record in parapsychology — are able to put their *own* psi into their results, regardless of the subjects' capacities. Either they force ESP onto their subjects or they elicit psi from their subjects for psychological reasons. By contrast, a "psi-inhibitory" experimenter suppresses or fails to elicit his

subjects' ESP capabilities during an experiment. I was obviously a psi-inhibitory experimenter. But why?

Friends told me it was because I didn't sufficiently believe in ESP. Well, what could I do about that? It was clear to me that I was originally a very strong believer in psi, although, of course, others had only my word for that! Yet my results had been just as close to chance in the beginning as they were now. So that didn't seem to explain it. Nor could I conduct an experiment in which I "believed" for half the subjects and "not-believed" for the other half. There was, however, something I could do. I could test something I *did* believe in.

During this time in my life I had been reading the Tarot cards for about eight years. They seemed to work. Whenever I did a reading for someone, including persons I had never seen before, I found myself telling them things that I couldn't possibly have known. They were often amazed and asked me how on earth I did it. I didn't know. Something was obviously going on and I believed it could be paranormal. So I set up a simple experiment.

I wanted to duplicate as nearly as possible a normal Tarot reading; otherwise it would not be a fair test. But I had to separate the reader from the subjects, thereby eliminating possible cues from their appearance, behavior and responses. So I got an assistant Tarot reader to lay out the cards in the traditional manner for each of 10 subjects. This assistant then gave me the card orders, coded with a letter. From these layouts I wrote out my 10 readings. Then the 10 subjects had to choose their own reading from among the 10.

It worked! The subjects were able,

just significantly better than chance would predict, to pick out their own readings. I was excited — here at least it seemed I had found something, in an experiment in which I believed.

The elation, however, was short-lived. Carl Sargent pointed out that the subjects all knew each other. This made their choices dependent, whereas the statistical test I had used assumed independence of choices. I had to do it all again and when I did, of course, the experiment did not work. Some people argued that it was because I had lost my enthusiasm, or I wasn't close friends with the subjects or I no longer believed so strongly as I had originally. But these are just *ad hoc* arguments. The fact remains: the first experiment was slightly flawed, so its results cannot be considered valid. The evidence pushed me toward the conclusion that the Tarot works by normal, although interesting, psychological means.

I began to take a much more serious interest in other people's experiments. Whenever possible I visited their laboratories and observed exactly what they were doing. I had access to only a few but my experience was always the same. The further I looked into the details, the more errors or omissions or methodological problems I found there. This forced me to realize the enormous difficulty that exists when the critical student tries to assess the weight of evidence for psi. There is no doubt that most ESP experiments result in non-significant scoring. The burden of proof rests on just a few studies. Experiments must be watertight to support this burden of proof and I began to wonder how many were.

* * *

THIS ISSUE, added to the fact that my own research had been entirely negative, seriously dented my belief. At one point I even calculated that in 34 independent significance tests I had conducted on my data, only two showed (statistically significant) probability of less than .05 — i.e., a result that would occur by chance one in 20 times the experiment is run. In other words I was getting about as close to chance as you might normally expect.

There could be one final explanation for my failures. Perhaps psi just does not like to appear in laboratory experiments. Perhaps it appears only in real life — in out-of-body experiences, for example, or during poltergeist outbreaks or hauntings. But here too I had the same experiences. The deeper I looked into these reports, the less convincing the evidence seemed. Even famous cases, repeated in book after book, soon lost their initial appeal. When I went back to the original sources and tried to track them down, more often than not the evidence seemed to disappear in a cloud of poor memory, exasperation and wishful thinking.

By now I was becoming thoroughly skeptical, even disbelieving. I began to wonder whether psi exists. I even concluded for a brief period that it couldn't possibly exist. But there are several reasons why such an extreme skeptical position is untenable.

For one thing, it cannot be tested easily. One of my first responses to my own doubts was to ask whether I could do experiments to test the idea that there is no such thing as psi. I think the simple answer is no, since you can't prove a universal negative.

There are, nevertheless, some close

approximations which are quite interesting. One important question is why people should *believe* in psi if it doesn't really exist. This led me to consider the events that typically increase people's belief in psychic phenomena. One's own psychic experiences, especially precognitive dreams, are the most common reason for believing in the paranormal. Like many other psychic experiences these typically involve a coincidence of some sort — such as a correlation between a dream and a real event. But it is well known that people are very poor at judging the likelihood of a coincidence. I wondered whether people who believe are worse than disbelievers at making such judgments of probability. This might explain how their beliefs came about erroneously.

My husband Tom Troscianko and I tested probability judgments in groups of believers and nonbelievers and found that the believers were worse at many such tasks than the nonbelievers. We also found the believers were more prone to the illusion that they could control something which is in fact a random process. Could these differences explain why they had adopted a belief in the paranormal, even though it doesn't exist? Well, it may, but these findings don't actually prove that the paranormal does not exist. That is impossible.

The other major challenge to the skeptic's position is, of course, the fact that opposing positive evidence exists in the parapsychological literature. I couldn't dismiss it all. This raises a very interesting question: Just how much can you or should you weigh the results of your own experiments against those of other people? On the one hand, your

own should carry more weight, since you know exactly how they were done and you know (even if no one else does) that you didn't cheat or make up the results. On the other hand, science is necessarily a collective enterprise. If scientists do not believe each other's results, science cannot proceed at all. So I couldn't use my own failures as justifiable evidence that psi does not exist. I had to consider everyone else's success.

I asked myself a thousand times, as I ask the reader now: Is there a right conclusion?

The only answer I can give, after 10 years of intensive research in parapsychology, is that I don't know. If you believe that psychic phenomena exist, you must confront all the problems of illogical human thinking, the negative definitions, the difficulty of finding out anything about psi and the fact that most laboratory experiments fail to confirm its existence. If you don't believe in psi, you have to face up to all the claims that it exists and the impossibility of proving its nonexistence. If you decide to maintain an open mind, you are in for a tough task too. Keeping an open mind is far harder work than becoming simply a believer or skeptic.

Perhaps it is better never to ask whether psi exists!

But there is a better question. Has belief in the existence of psi actually done any good? Has it progressed our understanding of any phenomena or experiences? Has it ever explained anything that could not be better explained some other way? In other words, has it ever done any scientific work for us? The checkered and controversial history of parapsychology may provide some answers. Aren't we just asking the same questions parapsychologists were asking 100 years ago? For 100 years there have been no answers.

My own brief career illustrates this. I began on a quest to understand ESP and memory. Then I turned to exploring out-of-body and near-death experiences. But the psi hypothesis did not help me one bit. Unfathomable and mystical experiences certainly abound but I don't think the idea of the paranormal helps us to understand them.

My 10 years of research have left me an open-minded skeptic rather than a disbeliever but I *have* concluded one thing: The notion of psi is remarkably unhelpful. If we want to understand the higher potentials of human experience, we need a better notion.



HEIRLOOM JEWELS GO AT GARAGE SALE

INESE RENCIS of Rochester, N. Y., hid her jewels in a cookie tin: a pair of three-quarter carat diamond earrings, an 18-carat gold and topaz necklace and an 18-carat gold bracelet which had been in her family for more than 100 years. Then, in June 1985, she gave the tin (with its contents) to a friend who was collecting items for a garage sale. It sold for 10 cents.

Mrs. Rencis told Associated Press she never could afford to insure the heirlooms and doubts that she will ever see them again.

The Making **of Psi Failures**

ESP is a delicate thing — and if you aren't the right kind of person, you can't get it to perform for you.

By D. Scott Rogo

SUSAN BLACKMORE'S experience with the paranormal is a strange one. Most researchers of the paranormal begin their careers as skeptics and then reluctantly cross over into the realm of belief. Dr. Blackmore's journey has been in the opposite direction, from enthusiastic conviction to reluctant skepticism. Most parapsychologists believe that if you search hard enough, you eventually will find evidence of ESP. This certainly was my experience. But Blackmore's experience is a crucial exception; her long and diligent search has ended in constant failure.

There are two possible explanations for her curious but consistent history of failure. The first possibility is that ESP does not exist and the results we so often see in the laboratory are statistical flukes or the results of fraud on the part of the subjects or the experimenters. This theory posits that Blackmore has not achieved successful results because she is an honest, careful investigator. The second possible explanation is that ESP does exist but something about Blackmore repeatedly keeps her from achieving good results.

In my opinion the experimental evidence for the existence of both ESP and psychokinesis is overwhelming. So nat-

urally I opt for the second of these two theories. To understand *why* Blackmore has consistently failed to find evidence of ESP in her experiments, we must look at a highly controversial issue in experimental parapsychology: the so-called experimenter effect.

The theory of the experimenter effect, stated simply, is that only certain researchers are able to achieve successful results. We know that psychic abilities tend to be capricious, so perhaps it takes a certain type of person to pull it out of subjects in a laboratory.

This possibility was first suggested when some of the early researchers at Duke University found they couldn't match J. B. Rhine's talent for getting good results with their tests and subjects. When they started watching Rhine at work, a possible explanation for his repeated success became apparent. Rhine could be an absolutely charming man; he seemed to possess a real knack for encouraging his subjects to do well during his tests without pressuring them. He also created a sense of genuine excitement and enthusiasm during the sessions.

Can these psychological factors be the basis of the experimenter effect? It seems reasonable.

Evidence has shown that personal factors regularly lead certain persons to excel in certain fields, especially where

person-to-person contact is essential. For example, there is a great deal of literature on the personal factors that help make some psychotherapists particularly good at treating patients. These personal qualities stand apart from the therapists' training or their therapeutic tools and skills. It is also true that psychological factors help make a master hypnotist. So it seems reasonable to assume that such personal attributes contribute to the making of a good parapsychologist.

Skeptics argue that the experimenter effect is a nonexplanation the parapsychologist can use whenever an experiment fails. They also consider it a poor rationale for the embarrassing fact that parapsychology still has no repeatable experiment. Perhaps the experimenter effect has been overworked by some defensive parapsychologists but the fact remains that there exists strong empirical evidence that the effect is genuine.

* * *

THE CLASSIC demonstration of the psychological experimenter effect was conducted back in the 1930's by Margaret Price and the late J. G. Pratt. At the time these (then) young researchers were working at the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University but there was an important difference in their work. Price seemed to have a gift for getting good results with her ESP tests while Dr. Pratt just as consistently failed — although he was a strong "believer" in ESP. The two researchers wondered if perhaps the successful experimenter (Price) was getting good results because her work was flawed. They set up an interesting experiment.

Their subjects were children living in

a North Carolina orphanage. Price tested some of the children while Pratt silently looked on. Then they changed roles. This way, both of the experimenters tested the same subjects, under the same conditions, using the same procedures. The results were always the same: Price consistently obtained successful scoring from the children; Pratt did not.

This simple experiment did not end Price's interest in the dynamics of the experimenter effect. During some later experiments she "played a role" with her subjects during the session. She would either encourage them to do well or treat them with cool indifference. The scoring of her subjects fell to chance expectation under both of these conditions. As soon as she stopped role-playing and went back to being herself, her success rate shot back up. The only conclusion we can reach is that both the experimenter's personality *and* the way he presents himself to his subjects can influence their test performances.

Nor is this research by Margaret Price and J. G. Pratt unique in the parapsychological literature. Something similar occurred in the 1960's when Karlis Osis and E. Douglas Dean of the Parapsychology Foundation were testing New York groups for clairvoyance. The basic plan was for Dr. Osis to give the group a lecture on ESP and follow it with a statistical ESP test. Osis fell ill during the project and Dean finished the experiment by giving the same lecture and test to the remaining groups. Only those groups Osis had tested scored significantly above chance; Dean's did not.

The skeptic could object that these are more instances of the inexplicable and nonrepeatable results so often seen

in parapsychology. But today we know something of the psychological differences between successful and unsuccessful experimenters.

It has gradually become clear that successful experimental parapsychologists possess specific personal qualities. Two recent projects demonstrate this.

The first test was undertaken by Gertrude Schmeidler, a veteran parapsychologist from City College in New York, while working with one of her graduate students. Dr. Schmeidler and Michaelen Maher were aware that some parapsychologists are known for their extraordinary experimental successes in the field and others tend to be — simply put — lemons in the lab. They listed prominent researchers, then divided them into successful and unsuccessful experimenter categories.

At a meeting of parapsychologists in Moraga, Calif., in 1979, they videotaped several of these researchers as they made presentations to their colleagues. Schmeidler and Maher then took their tapes back to New York and showed them to some college undergraduates. The students were asked to rate the researchers on several scales of personality attributes. The students consistently rated the successful experimenters as more friendly, more likable, more enthusiastic and more playful than the unsuccessful ones. The unsuccessful ones were especially rated as irritable. The students, of course, were kept ignorant of the nature of the experiment.

These results were replicated in England by Carl Sargent at Cambridge University. He collected psychological tests of 11 parapsychologists known for being either successful or unsuccessful

at eliciting psi in their experiments employing the ganzfeld procedure. The psychology tests showed that the successful experimenters were less reserved, serious, introverted or neurotic than their unsuccessful colleagues.

* * *

NOW WE MUST wonder how this relates to Blackmore. It would be consistent with these results to suggest that Blackmore is a cold, nasty, unpleasant individual who rubs everyone the wrong way. But this simply isn't the case. In fact, she is spontaneous, enthusiastic and good-humored. If anything, she is exactly the type of person who *should* be getting good results in the lab. So if personal psychology is the reason for her failure, these factors must be subtle. It is no secret, however, that Dr. Sargent analyzed some psychological tests done with Blackmore and her scores fit the profile of the unsuccessful experimenter.

The idea that subtle factors complicate the work of unsuccessful experimenters raises even more possibilities. Is Blackmore using her own ESP and PK unconsciously to *block* her subjects' functioning during her tests? Is she psychically sabotaging her own experiments? The skeptic will laugh at this idea but some provocative evidence suggests that the theory merits consideration.

A psi-based experimenter effect has been thought to exist for years. I believe I saw it work on one occasion. During a meeting of parapsychologists at the University of Edinburgh in 1972 several of us were testing a gifted subject, Mary, who although blind could tell the color of any object she touched. This is not a true psychic ability but a little-

understood function of subliminal perception which Mary could consciously control.

A group of us were testing her informally and she was performing in stunning fashion. She was scoring at about 90-percent accuracy. It was a noisy meeting and Mary could not have known when the noted British parapsychologist John Beloff entered the far side of the room behind her. But she suddenly lost her ability totally, much to her astonishment.

The significant point is that Dr. Beloff, despite his enthusiasm for the field, is a notoriously unsuccessful experimenter. He has chalked up almost as many failures as Blackmore. Because Mary didn't know Beloff had entered the room, there must have been a *psychic* reason for her sudden loss of subliminal perception.

I followed up on this possibility a week later in London when I met with the late Ena Twigg, then England's most famous psychic. I knew that Beloff had once experimented briefly with Ena, with disappointing results, so I asked her about their meeting. She told me she liked Beloff very much but had found herself totally incapable of employing her psychic powers in his presence. She didn't know why, she said, but as soon as he entered the room it felt as if a barrier had surrounded her.

My experiences are essentially anecdotal but there is experimental evidence that a parapsychologist can use his own ESP to sabotage an experiment.

Back in the 1950's two British parapsychologists chanced upon this curious effect during some ESP tests they were conducting through the mail. D. J. West and G. W. Fisk were sending their

subjects sealed packages of cards showing clock faces. The subjects were asked to guess a "hand" position for each card before returning the sealed decks. The interesting thing about these experiments was that, unbeknownst to the subjects, half of the decks had been prepared by Dr. West. The others had been randomized by Fisk who was in charge of sending them to the subjects. The result of the experiments was encouraging, with the subjects guessing above chance at the rate of 100 to one odds.

But as the decks were returned, Fisk and West noticed something unusual. The subjects were scoring well on those decks prepared by Fisk but totally failing on those randomized by West. Somehow West had influenced the cards he had handled and the subjects were picking up on this negative effect. These results were consistent with the fact that West, like Beloff and Blackmore, had a reputation for being an unsuccessful experimenter. Fisk and West later replicated their findings using a combined ESP/PK procedure. The psi-based experimenter effect held up consistently.

In my opinion data such as these tell us something about Blackmore's career as an unsuccessful experimenter. There appear to be both psychological and paranormal reasons why some experimenters always fail. So before concluding this commentary on Blackmore's article, let me venture my own hunch concerning the specific reasons for her failed search for psi.

* * *

PARAPSYCHOLOGISTS talk about belief and disbelief in ESP but many of us use these terms naively. The psychological dynamics of belief

and faith can be complex. During my early years in parapsychology I concluded there was a difference between a purely intellectual belief that psi exists and an emotional conviction of its reality.

I was intellectually convinced of the existence of psychic phenomena long before I ever witnessed or experienced ESP or PK. When I did finally come face to face with these strange phenomena, my "belief" changed to conviction. Conviction, I can testify, is much stronger than simple belief.

I believe that a sense of deep personal conviction may be the key to achieving good results in the lab. Somehow this sense of conviction relays itself to our subjects who then score better. They seem to be psychologically responding to our sense of belief and enthusiasm.

Shortly after coming to this conclusion I heard this story from a friend who had once worked with the late J. G. Pratt who claimed that, despite the fact that he had worked in the field for years, he had never had a personal psychic experience. Pratt acknowledged that his belief in psychic phenomena was more intellectual than emotional but his belief turned to total conviction after he visited the Soviet Union in 1968. There he saw psychic superstar Nina Kulagina demonstrate her PK by moving small objects across a tabletop. A few weeks later Pratt reported his first personal psychic experience. When his belief turned to conviction, he became psychologically open to the per-

sonal world of ESP.

In the course of my conversations with Blackmore I have come to suspect that she resists — at a deeply unconscious level — the idea that psychic phenomena exist. Even though she began her career as a believer, she betrays this resistance repeatedly in her writings. For example, while she rejects the evidence for ESP in her current article, in FATE's September 1985 issue she reported on her successful collaboration with Rupert Sheldrake. She betrays herself further when she tells us that she successfully described a target picture during a ganzfeld session but then hastens to dismiss the success as a coincidence — although, in her own words, she picked up "almost every detail of the picture"!

It is even more revealing that Blackmore doesn't tell us in her article that she recently collaborated with Dick Bierman of the Netherlands in a PK study using infants as subjects. Dr. Bierman designed the computerized experiment and Blackmore ran it in England with her own baby, with significant positive scoring.

If Blackmore is ever fortunate enough to witness a poltergeist or see some other striking display of psychic phenomena, I am willing to bet that her experimental results will be more positive. I certainly hope this opportunity will come her way, as it did for me many years ago. Then perhaps she will be ready to write another article — on the making of a believer



WAITING FOR THE SPACE BROTHERS

To a select group of earthlings extraterrestrials reveal their plans for our future.

Part II

By Jerome Clark

AFTER a bizarre traffic accident on the Illinois tollway one afternoon in August 1985, flying-saucer contactee Ken Macmillan (pseudonym) is told that he and his son survived because his extraterrestrial benefactors slowed time down, keeping his car from being destroyed in the rush-hour traffic. Macmillan psychically channels messages from David and other beings from Landa, a distant planet. David tells Ken that he is his father and that Ken was sent to earth before the time of Moses, reincarnating over the centuries to prepare himself for the day of reckoning, soon to come.

Since the early years of the UFO controversy, many persons have claimed to be in contact with benevolent beings from other worlds. Some of these, such as George Adamski and other flamboyant figures from the 1950's, were almost certainly conscious frauds. But most contactees are sincere and are willing to act on their beliefs even in the absence of earthly reward. In 1954 as Chicago-based contactee group was warned of the imminent end of the world, attract-

ing much attention and suffering much embarrassment when the prophecy failed. Another contactee, Gloria Lee, starved herself to death while undergoing a fast ordered by J. W. from Jupiter, with whom she communicated by automatic writing.

Another contactee, Robert Renaud, claimed to be in contact, via radio and television, with people from the planet Korendor. Although uninterested in publicity, followers or money, Renaud produced a dozen large volumes of material describing Korendorian life and philosophy. He wrote these on the typewriter, his hands producing reams of error-free, clearly-written pages while his conscious attention was elsewhere. Investigator Allan Grise, who witnessed this automatic typing, heard tapes supposedly of alien voices. Although Renaud's story was unbelievable he did not act, in Grise's view, like a conscious hoaxer. "If this was fraud, it was posterous, unrewarding fraud," he says. Renaud eventually dropped out of sight, saying he wanted nothing further to do with the Korendorians.

AKIKO Arakawa is a shy, pretty 27-year-old Japanese woman whose life is the property of beings from distant space. This life that is not her own has brought her, in July 1985, to Laramie, Wyo., where she and other persons who believe they are in contact with extraterrestrial intelligences have gathered to attend the Rocky Mountain Conference on UFO Investigation.

Akiko smiles often but her eyes are sad. Her English is broken and when she speaks, it is always with Japanese-English dictionary in hand. She has come to America, she says, because her lover is here. She has met him only once, two years ago, when he appeared in her room and spoke with her. She remembers that he wore an astronaut suit and helmet and he was handsome, with Eurasian features, but she remembers nothing of what he said to her. Later she was to learn that he will not have her now because he has another lover, an earthwoman, but one day he and Akiko will marry. Their child will rule the earth — "of course," Akiko adds.

For much of her life Akiko has received daily telepathic communications from the Elohim, wise beings who represent seven regions of space. (Elohim is Hebrew for "gods." Akiko says she does not know this.) They monitor her daily life and sometimes laugh good-naturedly at her doings. Although the Elohim are not evil — they protect the earth from hostile aliens — they have, in effect, enslaved her. "I am a robot," she says.

Her contacts have opened her and her family to dangers from malevolent elements, including violent men who kidnapped her father, a farmer, and

took him to faraway Tokyo. Before releasing him, they warned him that his daughter must stop her contacts with aliens. Akiko says the kidnappers were members of a fanatical Buddhist sect which feels threatened by reports of extraterrestrial communications.

The contactee conference is full of strange stories but — with two or three exceptions — the people telling the stories are not themselves strange. They do not wear funny costumes or bear the pop-eyed countenances of fanatics. Were it not for their peculiar idea that they are instruments of extraterrestrial powers inhabiting a universe right out of *Star Wars*, they would seem "normal." Well, not entirely; they are, one feels, a little nicer than most people, kind, sympathetic and sincere to a fault.

They may be naive but they are not ignorant. The contactees I meet range from the well-educated to the reasonably-educated to the self-educated. Many describe themselves as having been spiritually restless in their precontact lives, convinced that somehow they were "different." This feeling led them to investigate occultism, Spiritualism and other New Age doctrines. When they finally met the extraterrestrials, the contactees felt somehow that the information given them simply confirmed what they had known or suspected all along.

Typically a contactee is told by his extraterrestrial benefactors that he is the most important person on the earth, *their* representative on the planet; yet, knowing this, contactees do not quarrel with others claiming like honor. They are just happy to be together and to be able to speak freely.

I meet few contactees who do not

think they themselves are extraterrestrial. Some are convinced that they merely occupy terrestrial bodies, having assumed the occupation by prebirth agreement with a terrestrial soul who agreed to move on at an early age. Others believe that they have been here hundreds or thousands of years, their souls reincarnating again and again until the day of cosmic reckoning — which is now.

If they note the fact at all (and in my experience none has ever done so, unless specifically challenged on the point), contactees are not troubled by the myriad contradictions an outside observer notices when he compares the various accounts. After affirming that "everything Adamski says is true," a contactee (who claims herself to have lived on Venus, home planet of most of Adamski's space friends) goes on to say that of the nine planets in our solar system, three (Venus and Saturn, besides Earth) are inhabited by physical beings of humanlike appearance; Adamski's solar system had 12 inhabited planets. The same contactee says "white-light beings" live on Mars and "airlike beings" on Jupiter — again contradicting Adamski.

Few contactees wonder much about the fact that the cosmos they describe, if we are to credit massive astronomical evidence, could not possibly exist. If there is life on any other planet in the solar system, which is highly unlikely to begin with, it is probably not intelligent life; but even if it were, given the conditions on those planets, such life would have to take unimaginable forms. Furthermore, if intelligent life exists in other solar systems (a more reasonable possibility, but one a growing number

of scientists have begun to question*), it is inconceivable that evolutionary processes there would produce beings who look or think anything like us.

* * *

I AM HAVING lunch in a Laramie restaurant with four contactees, one of whom is describing the beauty of the Venusian climate and the niceness of its inhabitants. When I politely ask how scientists ever got the idea that the planet has a surface temperature of something like 900 degrees F., the contactee explains that terrestrial probes "are beamed by the Venusians to land in the desert, where it's so hot that the earth metal in those machines was melting and malfunctioning two minutes after landing. The Venusians have lived there for millions of years and they don't want the humans to come flying over there messing up everything."

She remarks that no less than J. Allen Hynek, the noted astronomer and UFO authority, can attest to the reality of an inhabited Venus, since recently he has spent two weeks there attending a conference. I respond mildly that I know Dr. Hynek fairly well (I am on the board of directors of Hynek's Center for UFO Studies and edit its journal) and am unaware of any recent unexplained two-week disappearance on his part. "He wasn't in his body," the contactee replies, speaking as if to one unusually dense.

Of course it takes no great wit to spot the innumerable improbabilities and contradictions in contactee accounts. More interesting are the similarities which, if only general (each story is a variation on a grander theme), are still

*See James E. Oberg's "We Are Alone," June 1980 FATE.

apparent to anyone who is paying attention.

The contactee universe, beginning with some or all of the planets in our solar system, is densely populated. Many of these worlds have inhabitants who resemble us but are better-looking. These beings, often called "Space Brothers," are wise and benevolent. They believe in God and they share an occult-religious philosophy (recognizable to knowledgeable earthlings as a sort of Christian Theosophy). They possess an extraordinarily advanced technology which enables them to fly anywhere they wish in space. They also have psychic powers and usually communicate telepathically. Some of them live in our midst.

The Space Brothers have a far-ranging alliance which they call the Galactic Federation. The Federation exists to maintain order in the universe, do good deeds and fend off evil forces. The evil forces are variously defined but almost always they turn out to be aliens who do not have human appearances. (The cynic may wonder if this is not the first hint of an incipient exobiological racism.)

One thing the evil forces want to do is to destroy or enslave the earth. Many contactees hold that UFO abductions, which are different from contacts because they involve persons being taken against their will by grotesque humanoids, are committed by the evil forces who implant devices in abductees' brains to turn them into helpless pawns. The evil forces have agents on earth.*

*The flamboyant contactees of the 1950's sometimes called these agents the "Silence Group," an arm of the "International Bankers." The "International Banker" theme was picked up from anti-Semitic mythology; indeed, the anti-Semitism of some of the '50's contactees was very thinly veiled. Among the latter-day contactees I have known, however, I have never heard expressions of racial or ethnic bigotry.

These agents, sometimes known as "men in black," wear dark suits, drive big black cars and harass contactees. Sometimes the men in black claim falsely to be agents of the United States government.

We are living now at the most crucial moment in the history of the human race. Soon, probably between now and the turn of the century, great changes are going to occur. Human hatred and corruption have given the earth a hellish reputation everywhere in the universe, but we earthlings are not irredeemable; what we require is a change in consciousness, a "raising of vibrations." The Space Brothers and the contactees are working to help us achieve this.

But we are on the brink of some major catastrophic event, such as a pole shift or a nuclear war. Millions of people will die.* Contactees and their followers will be saved, however. At the last moment they will be picked up in flying saucers and flown to safety, perhaps on the planet from which, years or centuries ago, they sprang. The world will not end, though. The contactees will return and with the Space Brothers usher in a New Age of peace and harmony.

* * *

LEO SPRINKLE laughs. "My attitude about these conferences," the University of Wyoming psychologist says, "is that for a week we'll allow people to talk and all we'll do is listen to them. And then, only when it's all over and everybody's gone home, we'll say, 'Shit, that can't be true!'"

Dr. Sprinkle, a jovial, enormously lik-

*But they will not suffer. Their souls will leave their bodies before their bodies are destroyed.

able man who insists that everyone call him "Leo," has been listening to contactees for years. Leo became aware of them through his interest in UFOs, psychic phenomena and altered states of consciousness. In the 1970's he entered into correspondence with a number of contactees, who were puzzled and disturbed by their experiences. "Why me?" they wanted to know.

Leo couldn't answer that but he could put contactees in touch with each other and so through him an informal network was established. Soon some were urging him to hold a conference so that contactees could meet face to face. In 1980 the first Rocky Mountain Conference on UFO investigation, sponsored then (but no longer) by the University of Wyoming's School of Extended Studies, attracted about 20 participants. Since then a conference has been held every summer and attendance has steadily grown. The 1985 conference which I attended drew between 80 and 90 persons. Not all were contactees, of course. There were also occult seekers, psychologists, writers, ufologists and the idly curious.

Leo says this is "both therapy and science." The therapy is for the contactees, who need the reassurance and reinforcement their fellows can give them. The science is for Sprinkle and June Parnell who are investigating the personality profiles of over 200 contactees. These contactees have all been given three widely-used psychological tests which measure mental health.

Leo is supervising Parnell's Ph.D. dissertation, which compares the profiles of contactees with those of a sample of noncontactees. Parnell had expected to learn that contactees are psy-

chologically abnormal (i.e., "nuts"). She was surprised to find no detectable psychological differences between contactees and "normal" persons. In other words, you don't have to be crazy to believe you have had outlandish experiences.*

The two psychologists agree that the typical contactee is sincerely convinced he has had extraordinary experiences. What those "experiences" really are, however, is another question entirely. There is, they point out, "no evidence" these are physically real events, however much contactees might think that they are.

"Still, there is a certain amount of consistency in these stories," Leo says. "And the people who are telling the stories come from all walks of life and from all over the world. These experiences have tremendous effects on their lives; yet most of them don't have anybody to talk to about it. I think these people deserve to be heard and I certainly think this is a phenomenon social scientists should be investigating."

* * *

ONE LEADING characteristic of the contact experience is its transformative character. Those to whom it happens undergo dramatic changes in personality and outlook. Divorce often is one immediate consequence. Contactees may move to other states and take

*J. Gordon Melton, who directs the Institute for the Study of American Religion at the University of California at Santa Barbara, is probably the leading scholarly authority on the contactee movement. He points out that attempts to characterize contactees as "kooks" are "reminiscent of the way Pentecostals were dismissed as psychopathological by psychologists who had never studied Pentecostalism. Recent studies have indicated that as a whole Pentecostals have a higher mental-health rate than the general population. When people claim that contactees have a pathological bent, it would be a very good idea to ask, 'Where are your data?' since unorthodox behavior and beliefs are no sign in themselves of psychopathology."

up new lives. They become deeply religious and they orient their lives toward fulfillment of the mission they believe the extraterrestrials have given them. In its initial stages the contact experience may be upsetting and disruptive but psychologically stable contactees usually find a way to incorporate it into their day-to-day living and it ends up benefiting them.

Not untypically the contact occurs at a crucial moment in the percipient's life. That is how it was with Merry Lynn Noble of Aurora, Colo.

Merry Lynn was, by her own description, "an expensive hooker, one of the leading call girls in the western United States." She was also wretchedly unhappy, an alcoholic who consumed large amounts of drugs in order to endure an unbearable existence. Finally, desperate to put that life behind her, she turned to spiritual studies, hoping that through them she could cure herself of her many ills.

In February 1982, depressed and exhausted, she went to visit her parents in Montana. One evening, "for old times' sake," they decided to go rabbit-hunting. So they drove through the back roads on a clear, dark night searching for rabbits. When they found none, they stopped the car and talked.

"We started talking about God and spiritual things," Merry Lynn tells me. "My father didn't believe in God but he did believe in Jung. I said, 'I believe in some Power that unites the universe. And I believe God is connected with UFOs.' Dad said, 'You've been in the city too long.' We all laughed.

"At that moment there was a *whoosh* sound and the car was covered with white light. I tried to look out the win-

dow but the light was too bright. I did get a glimpse, no more than a few seconds, of a saucer-shaped outline, a dark gray disc. It was about 100 feet over the car.

"I looked at my parents. They were just frozen there. It was like a movie that's suddenly stopped.

"Then I felt my astral body rising through the roof of the car. I felt a sense of freedom that I'd never felt before. The light was no longer blinding. I began communicating telepathically with a source inside the UFO — a Presence. I was saying things and answers were being given.

"It's hard to describe in words. It was absolute ecstasy, total peace, womblike warmth. I felt a sense of relief. 'I'm so glad to leave that body,' I thought. 'No way I can go on, no way I can handle this life.' I put my hands up and said, 'Thy will be done.'

"The Voice said, 'That's all I wanted to hear — that you would give up and do My will. Now go back to your body and do My will.'

"I said, 'I need help, strength, support. I can't go back to my old life.' Then I received a sense that I would have help. My old soul went on. It had a big ego and it was worn out with emotional problems. A new soul came into my body, with new energy, new humility."

Merry Lynn's voice breaks and tears run down her cheeks. She stops talking briefly, catches herself and goes on:

"At that moment I was dropped with a jolt into my body. The first thing I thought was, 'This body is so heavy.'

"My parents had no awareness that anything had happened. It was like their memories were blanked out."

Soon afterwards Merry Lynn returned to Denver, where through, she says, a "series of 'coincidences'" her life took an abrupt turn for the better. She got a good job and joined Alcoholics Anonymous. There she met Dan McLerren. "The Voice told me he was the one," she says, "but he was too shy to ask me out. I had to ask him out." They are now happily married. Neither has had a drink in 3½ years.

McLerren, himself visibly moved, says to me, "This is only the second time

I've heard the story. Before now, before this conference, it was too difficult for her to tell it."

Merry Lynn, now an English teacher and still in regular psychic contact with extraterrestrials, is busy writing her autobiography, titled *Sex, God and UFOs*. "The original title," she confides, "was *If Sex Is So Wonderful, Why Am I in Jail?*" And the merry lady who was saved by a flying saucer roars with laughter.

This is Part II of a three-part article.



THE GAY DECEIVER

A NEW WAY to get out of a boring meeting — or any situation — made news in October 1985. It's a fake beeper which can be activated anytime, anywhere.

The small black device, called "False Alarm," looks like a real pager. A switch activates a beeping tone — but not immediately. "To avert suspicion," reads the advertising, the tone sounds 20 seconds after it's switched on.

About 13,500 False Alarms have been sold by mail and through stores nationally, according to its manufacturer, Omega Contract Design of Sunset Beach, Calif. The \$29 item is merchandised by The Sharper Image, a slick retail and mail order chain. In its Washington, D. C., outlet, manager John Whitaker told UPI's Russ Kazal, "Washington is the kind of town where you've got the kind of people who could really use something like this."

Social graces are adapting to changing times, adds store clerk Jonathan McVity. The fake pager, he notes, is "a new kind of polite gesture to replace

conventions that have been worn down by life in the 1980's."

The device gets mixed response from customers. One distinguished-looking man said, "Not bad," when the pager went off in his hand. A woman viewing the decoy called it "snaky," adding, "My boss would probably use it."

False Alarm is the brainchild of Omega's President Gene Grant, who got the idea when bored one day in church. "I wanted to go fishing," he says. When a man next to him left the church after being paged, Grant wished he had a convenient beep to summon him from the service. It was then he decided to produce his own.

While facilitating quick exits from long meetings, False Alarm serves as well to impress the opposite sex. It may also help create an executive image for those who lack one. Store clerk McVity says some buyers "give the impression of being anything but powerful — or busy."

And others? McVity says, "The rest are in it for good clean fun."

By J. M. Iles

AS A YOUNG girl living in New York City in the 1930's, I contracted scarlet fever. I was taken to Williard Parker Hospital for Communicable Diseases where the doctors fought for many weeks to save my life. The fever finally broke and I began a slow recovery but did not come through unscathed. Ears, heart and liver were damaged and I sustained an intermittent hearing loss, severe heart murmur and anemia.

Living in a crowded tenement on the

our social worker arranged for me to be sent to a convalescent home for needy children.

"The Home," as I called it, was supervised by nuns in black habits. It also had a doctor and several nurses in attendance.

I had never seen so much grass and so many trees in one place before and my eyes tried to take in everything at once. There were beautiful fruit trees of every description and large hilly pastures where dairy cows grazed. There were many buildings on the grounds and our group was taken to the one that housed

MYSTERIOUS SISTER OF MERCY

Who was she, this strange and beautiful nun
who came to comfort me when others swore she didn't exist?

East Side of New York with its smog and poor sanitation was not conducive to recovery. For months I was taken to the public clinic for weekly checkups and free medicine but I did not improve. My parents were advised to send me to the country where I would get the benefits of fresh air and sunshine.

Like most folks living in the wake of the Great Depression, my parents didn't have the money to send me on such a trip. We were on home relief (as welfare was called in those days) but eventually

the dormitories for our age group. I was seven years old at the time.

The large rooms contained eight to 10 children each and a sister was assigned to each group. We slept on small cots lined up along opposite sides of the room with a small chair and dresser beside each cot. The large room reminded me of the hospital wards where I had spent so much of my young life. The furniture was painted white and the high narrow windows had dark green shades which were lowered every

afternoon for rest periods.

The first several weeks passed quickly as my time and attention were taken up with the lovely scenery and the routine of the Home.

Aside from meals, I was allowed to attend school classes for short periods, take slow walks along the paths near the dormitories and attend daily mass in the small brick building that housed the chapel. It was there that I first saw the beautiful unknown sister.

One day, a few minutes into the mass, I began to fall forward in a faint. I had been sitting in the pew next to the sister in charge of our group and she caught me and helped me to the rear of the chapel. She laid me down in the last pew which was empty. She wasn't especially alarmed because she knew I had periodic fainting spells resulting from my severe anemia.

Although I recovered from my swoon almost immediately, I felt weak and was bathed in a cold sweat. After sitting with me for a few moments and seeing that I was in no danger, the sister told me to remain lying down for the remainder of the mass.

A few minutes later I looked up to see the face of a beautiful young nun gazing down on me from behind the back of the pew. I didn't remember having ever seen her before. I opened my mouth to speak but she put her finger to her lips. I must have dozed off, for the next thing I was aware of was the sister in charge shaking me gently on the shoulder.

As I followed her out of the chapel with the other children, I kept looking around for the young nun. I didn't see her among the others and assumed she must have left before us.

In the days that followed, I kept

looking for her. The Home was quite large with many children of different ages and ailments and had other dormitories besides the one that sheltered me and others of my age. I assumed this particular sister was stationed in some other part of the Home. Looking for her became a habit with me.

* * *

AFTER SEVERAL months at the Home, the initial attractions began to wear thin and I felt the first pangs of homesickness. I was getting weekly check-ups from the doctor and daily medications. The fresh air, sunshine and good food were gradually improving my health. I still had to take the enforced rest periods and naps to conserve my strength. During one of these rest periods I saw the young sister again.

The dormitory was empty except for Sally, another little girl who had to take extra rest periods. The long green shades were drawn against the afternoon sun. Sally lay on her little cot a few beds away from mine and I saw that she wasn't able to sleep either. We were forbidden to talk during these rest periods so we would just look over at one another every now and then.

The sound of the other children out in the play area drifted up to us and I began to cry softly as I thought of home again. Suddenly I saw the young sister enter the dormitory and come to my bed. This nun was small and slim by comparison to the regular sister-in-charge who was tall and plump with a rosy face. In the dimness of the room the unknown sister's face appeared pale and shadowy.

In a soft, gentle voice she asked why I was crying. As I whispered my little tale of woe, she stood at the side of my

cot listening patiently, smiling and nodding knowingly all the while. When I had stopped talking, she removed her long string of large wooden rosary beads and handed them to me. She told me I would be able to sleep if I were to recite the prayers. Before I had a chance to tell her I didn't know how to say the rosary, she turned quietly and left. I held the great ball of wooden beads in both hands and with a feeling of peace settling over me, I was soon sound asleep.

It seemed only a short time before our regular sister-in-charge was gently shaking me awake. I remembered the rosary and searched for it but it was gone. The sister asked me what I was looking for and when I told her, her kindly wrinkled face lighted up in a big smile.

"You've been dreaming, child," she assured me as she led us to the play area. I kept wondering about that and when Sally and I were alone, I asked her if she had seen anyone else in the room with us during nap time.

"Just the young pretty sister who gave you her beads," she said.

So I hadn't dreamed it after all. But what had happened to the beads I had placed under my pillow? I could only conclude that the young nun must have come back for them while I slept.

The days continued to pass pleasantly and whenever I had trouble getting to sleep, the young sister would appear and lend me her rosary. Each time I would fall peacefully asleep but the beads were always gone when I awakened.

There was something else that made the young nun different from all the others. But it took me a long time to realize what that was.

One day as Sally and I were standing next to some flower beds enjoying the lovely colors and scents, it dawned on me. The nun always smelled like flowers! Even after she left, the scent would linger for a few moments. Sally had noticed it too.

For the next several days we tried to catch the scent from any of the sisters who happened to be near us. They all just smelled of soap and sunshine. How silly we must have looked, inching up behind the nuns, sniffing at their clothing!

A few days later I caught a glimpse of the unknown sister standing at the back of the chapel in the shadows of the doorway leading out to the side garden. I was admonished for turning around in chapel when the sister-in-charge caught me at it. When we left the chapel, she took me aside and asked what I had been gazing at when my full attention should have been on the mass. When I told her it was the pretty young nun, she just walked away shaking her head.

As the months passed, my homesickness increased and I began to have trouble sleeping at night.

The sister-in-charge had a small room at the end of the corridor and made rounds during the night to check on us. One particularly restless night our dormitory sister came in and found me still awake. She asked if I felt ill and I assured her I didn't. As she started to leave I asked to borrow her rosary. For some reason the young sister hadn't appeared as usual. When asked why I made such a request, I told her again how it always helped me to fall asleep when the other sister loaned me hers.

"This sister you're talking about—

what is her name?" the sister-in-charge asked, sounding annoyed.

"I don't know her name," I said, "but she's the same one I told you I saw standing at the back of the chapel the other day and she always smells like lovely flowers."

Trying to control the impatience in her voice, the elderly nun informed me that no sister would remove her large rosary beads while on duty and certainly would not lend them. It was a special part of a nun's holy habit and, furthermore, the sister couldn't smell like flowers since nuns do not wear perfume. I had either dreamed or imagined it and she wanted to hear no more of it. With that she turned sharply on her heel and left me lying there hurt and terribly confused.

Then, still wide-awake, I turned over and saw the beautiful young sister standing beside my cot. Smiling but not speaking, she held out her beads for me to take. Without thinking I accepted them. Then, remembering what the dormitory sister had said, I tried to give them back to her, whispering I didn't want to get her in trouble.

She just smiled all the more and shook her head. Then she went through the large white swinging doors leading into the hallway. Her figure was outlined by the flickering candlelight from the corridor.

Outside the doorway of our dormitory stood a large statue of St. Joseph. A big votive candle was lighted in front of it during the evening hours. The candle acted as a night-light and illuminated the halls. I suddenly realized I had again forgotten to ask her name. Although it was against the rules, I got out of bed and impulsively hurried out

into the hall after her retreating figure. She was gone.

I was standing there in my flannel nightie and bare feet looking up and down the length of the long hall when the sister-in-charge returned from her rounds and saw me standing there. Visibly angry, she quickly escorted me back to my bed while demanding to know what I had been doing out in the hall. When I tried to explain, she snapped, "You've been dreaming again. There is no sister on this floor but me." After admonishing me to stay in bed, she hurriedly left, still shaking her head.

I looked over and saw that Sally was still awake too. A ray of silvery moonlight faintly outlined her golden curls. She was smiling and waving for me to come over. I tiptoed past the other sleeping child whose bed was between ours and sat at the side of Sally's bed. I whispered in her ear all that had happened.

Sally said she had awakened the night before to find the young unknown sister standing by her bed. The sister told Sally, an orphan who had waited a long time to be adopted, that she was soon going to leave here for a beautiful home of her own. I was happy for her.

I returned to my own bed and slept.

* * *

EARLY THE next morning we were awakened before the first bell to find the infirmary nurse placing a white screen around Sally's bed. We were dressed hurriedly and ushered out of the dormitory. The days passed and I didn't see my little friend anywhere. All anyone would tell me was that Sally had been moved to another building. I never saw her again.

One day, as I was standing near the

flower beds, I suddenly remembered the strong scent of flowers that had permeated the dormitory the morning Sally had been taken away. There had been no flowers either in the room or in the halls and none grew anywhere in the immediate vicinity of the building.

The dormitory sister found me sitting on the grass under a tree and sat down beside me. She was smiling and said she had some good news for me.

My first thought was that my friend Sally was better and would be coming back to our dormitory. That was not to be.

"The doctor feels you're strong enough to go home so we have sent word to your parents," she said. "Your father will be here at the end of the week to get you." I was happy to hear this news but my thoughts were still on Sally. Somehow I knew in my heart that she had died.

Sister had been watching my face and must have guessed my feelings. "Why don't you and I go for a little walk?" she suggested. "I'll show you some of the grounds you haven't seen yet."

The elderly nun and I walked down

the grassy hill toward a small clearing at the bottom. In the distance I could make out the shape of a large white statue. As we approached it from the rear, I asked whose statue it was. Before the sister could answer we had walked around to the front of it. I looked up and saw the face of the young nun.

"That's *her*! That's *her*!" I shouted.

The sister just stared at me. "What are you saying, child?" she asked.

"That's the young sister Sally and I have been telling you about! It's her face!" By this time I was jumping up and down in the excitement of at last being able to prove that Sally and I hadn't been making up the whole thing, as this nun had thought. Here was the proof.

"Do you know the name of the person this statue represents?" the sister said to me.

"I told you, she never told Sally or me what her name was. The clothes are different but it's her face, all right. What is her name?"

The nun's face was strangely pale as she looked from me to the face of the statue and back again. She said, "She's called Mary, Comfort of the Sick."



AMTRAK'S HARD LUCK SPECIAL

By Gene Utz

IN LESS than 31 hours on August 25-26, 1983, Amtrak's Silver Meteor bucked astronomical odds to take first place in any death-on-the-rails competition.

In Kenly, N. C., the Meteor, doing 80 miles an hour on its run to Florida, slammed into a 1976 Ford LTD when its incautious driver drove around the lowered crossing gates. The car was totaled and the driver fatally injured.

On its return trip north the 18-car train struck and killed a 57-year-old woman fishing off a trestle bridge in Savannah, Ga. Continuing its night-marish run, the Meteor smashed into a pickup truck in North Carolina. A little farther on, it rammed a disabled tractor trailer stalled on the tracks, derailing itself and ending its unbelievable streak of accidents. None of the accidents was the fault of the train's crew.

THE HOUSE THAT HATED TENANTS

The ghost had
frightened the children,
terrified the dog and cats and she
was making it clear she wanted us out *now*.

By Joyce Arnold

I MOVED into the house in Oceanside, Calif., in 1964. I had six children in tow; their ages ranged from three to 13 years. My marriage had just broken up and the kids and I were on our own.

The house was at least 50 years old and its exterior needed paint but it was sturdy and roomy. Most important of all, it was cheap. With money in short supply, that was top priority.

I had to sign a lease for one year but the landlord, a pleasant generous man in his 60's, said that if for any reason I ever felt I could not stay there the year, he would gladly let me out of the lease with no extra charge and no trouble.

At the time I thought he told me this because he felt sorry for a woman alone with six kids. That may have been true in part but I was later to find there was another, more important reason for his generosity.

The day we moved in, I had the strange feeling I was being watched. I kept turning around suddenly, expecting for some reason to find an old woman watching me. I couldn't understand why my imagination had taken such a wild turn. I had talked with no one about the house; in fact, I knew nobody in town. We had moved to California only

months before my marriage ended and had lived on the marine base at Camp Pendleton, so I knew little or nothing about Oceanside. As one who has never been easily frightened, I chided myself for being silly and vowed to put the matter out of my mind. I said nothing to anyone.

The first night we spent in the house, the three smaller children (who all slept together) woke me up screaming that someone was standing at the foot of their bed. Of course no one was there. I managed finally to quiet them down and at last went back to sleep.

The next night they woke me again insisting that someone was standing near their bed. The same thing happened the next night and again on the following nights. I was baffled. They had never done this before. Not even the presence of a night-light kept them from insisting that every night a figure stared at them from the foot of their bed. They disagreed, however, on whether it was an old lady or an old man.

As the months went by, strange little things continued to happen. I tried to ignore them as much as possible because I didn't believe in ghosts or anything else supernatural. I believed in logic.

Whatever was in that house could be explained in a logical manner, I was certain.

We acquired a cat which promptly had two kittens and later we got a German shepherd dog. The cats lived in the house with us, the dog in the backyard.

One evening, as the children and I sat watching television in the den, the three cats sprang to their feet, yowling and spitting. Up went their backs in sharp arches and the hair on their tails and backs stood straight up. They were terrified—of something that we could not see. While we all watched frozen in shocked disbelief, all three cats howled and slowly backed out of the room, then scrambled madly for the back door.

I let them out into the yard and from then on that's where they stayed. They never wanted to stay in the house again. I'd had cats all my life and I knew that was awfully unusual behavior.

Around this time I became friends with a man named Tom Perry. He thought it was funny when I told him the house was strange. Later we became rather serious about each other and when his mother Anne Hurley became very ill, I offered to take her in and nurse her until she was well.

From the first night in the house, Mrs. Hurley complained that something didn't feel right. In the middle of the night I awoke to her screams. When I rushed in to find out what was the matter, she claimed that someone was in her room and had raised her head off the pillow. I managed to calm her and convince her that it was just a bad dream, but then it happened again the next night. Finally, after a week, even though she was far from well, she

insisted on leaving what she claimed was the "hauntedest house" she had ever heard of.

A few weeks later she and Tom came over one night for a game of cards. We were sitting in the kitchen, the children all asleep, animals all outside. I happened to glance up and to my left just in time to see a vase rise up, float briefly in thin air and then crash to the floor. Annie and Tom looked up just in time to see the crash.

We were so astonished that for a few moments we could do nothing but gasp. Finally Tom spoke. "Maybe there's something in this house," he said. "I wouldn't rule it out." Our card game was over. I had the distinct impression someone there disapproved of card playing.

After this the atmosphere changed. It became intense as if whatever or whoever was there were determined to get us out—and fast! More and more I would find myself turning around suddenly expecting to see someone but I never did. But I couldn't shake the strange feeling that an old lady was watching me with disapproving eyes.

Cold weather came. Part of the house was quite chilly and we could never get it warm. I arranged for the children to sleep in the warmer part of the house while I decided to move into the large cold bedroom.

This big room contained two beds, one a double, the other a single. I was awakened sometime in the night when my bed started shaking. At first I thought it was an earthquake. It wasn't. After remaining awake for a while, I went back to sleep, only to have the same thing happen again. I finished the night in bed with some of the children.

The next night I decided to try my luck in the double bed. That would be harder to shake and it looked much more comfortable. I read for a few minutes, then turned off the light and settled down to sleep. Just as I dozed off, three sharp raps sounded on the wooden headboard.

I jerked up, turned on the bedside light and examined the room. Nothing there. I went outside, then checked the kids; they were all sound asleep. There were no animals in the house. Finally I gave up, got back into bed and switched off the light.

Just as I was about to go back to sleep, three raps echoed in quick succession on the headboard, inches from my head. Trembling violently, I turned the light on again. I heard a creaking sound. I looked up to see the door open all the way very slowly. When it had opened as far as it could go, it slowly closed itself—all the way with a final click.

With every hair on my head standing on end, I managed to say, in what I hoped was a loud, brave voice, "I don't know who you are or what you want, but we leased this house for a year and we're staying! We're not hurting you and all we want is for you to leave us alone!"

There was no answer.

* * *

BY NOW, six months, maybe eight, had gone by. One night Tom came by to take me bowling. When he brought me home a little after 10:00 P.M., I found all the children up and 10-year-old Cheryl in hysterics. Brenda, my oldest daughter, told me what had happened.

They had all been playing in the room next to the living room when Cheryl

started out to the kitchen for a drink of water. The living room was partially dark. Cheryl glanced up and saw something which she claims to this day looked like a blue silk scarf floating in midair. Her screams brought the children running but by the time they got there, the thing had disappeared.

Not long after this, one of the kids let Princess, the German shepherd, into the house and she wandered into one of the bedrooms and went to sleep. This particular bedroom had two entrances and a thick white carpet. To discourage the boys from running through the room—I was afraid they might ruin the carpet—I fastened shut one door (a folding plastic accordion type) and fixed a nail through the catch to keep it there. Princess had entered the room through the other door and dozed off on the thick carpet—until something woke her up and inspired her to let loose a horrible unearthly howl.

The younger kids (the older ones were in school) and I ran to the bedroom. There Princess, her eyes bulging, was standing in mortal terror as she stared at something that we did not see. Her howls intensified as she slowly retreated. I could not move. I felt a fear of the unknown even more acute than that I'd experienced the night I heard the raps on my bed.

I called to Princess but she didn't respond. She wouldn't cross that room! Something stood between her and the door where we stood. There could be no other explanation.

Suddenly she bolted through the plastic door that I had nailed closed. She tore the whole thing down almost as if it were paper. When I reached her—I didn't go through the room, needless to

say—she was shaking uncontrollably and her heart was beating madly. I talked to her and petted her for a long time until finally she calmed down. She wanted out.

After that I made up my mind. Something was there and I could no longer ignore it.

The next day I visited the public library a few blocks up the street. I came home with my arms full of books on the paranormal. I read till my eyes were bloodshot and I found the answers to my questions. I learned that my experience was by no means unique and that such phenomena are being studied in many countries. I also learned that many great minds have been fascinated by such occurrences, so I really wasn't being silly or hysterical. In short, there was a logical explanation: the house was haunted!

The final experience took place one night shortly before we moved out. The kids were all asleep and Tom had come over to play cards and watch television. At one point I got chilly and went to the closet for a sweater. The closet was in the room in which Princess had gotten so scared.

Tom, who followed me into the room, asked me if I would like to go for a picnic with him the next day. I said sure and we started to plan what we'd take and where we'd go. Then the whole atmosphere of the room abruptly changed. The air got heavy and our breathing became shallow. The room grew cold as ice.

I glanced at Tom and noticed that his face was pale. He mumbled, "We've got company."

At that moment she came in through the doorway. I saw her—although not

with my physical eyes. It was as if I were seeing her with my inner eyes. She glided—she did not walk—into the room. She moved to a corner and she glared at us with overwhelming hostility. We couldn't move. We both just stood there, staring and barely breathing. She was short and small with gray hair pulled back in a bun and she wanted us out of her house!

After what seemed an eternity, she glided out and the spell was lifted. The room got warmer and we could breathe again. Tom looked at me and said, "My God! There's something in this house. It's haunted as hell! You've got to get out of here!" He was right on all counts.

* * *

JUST BEFORE the year was up, a lady came to my door asking for donations to some worthy cause. I still didn't know any of my neighbors, so I was still ignorant of the house's history. But the lady was talkative and she asked me all sorts of questions about how I liked the house and if I planned to stay there.

Then she said, "You know this house is haunted, don't you?" She told me that an old couple had lived here for many years, all their married life in fact, and they had one child, a son. The woman was considered rather standoffish and a little strange but the old man was likable if eccentric. He died in a mental institution and the couple's son currently resided in one. The old lady had died in the house—in the same room where the dog, Tom and I had seen the apparition!

The house had been sold after that and since then no one had lived in it for more than two months. People would

rent it, then promptly move out. Even the landlord tried to live in it, the lady claimed, but he moved out after a couple of months. People said strange things happened there and finally it became nearly impossible to rent—until I came along.

The children and I left California for good shortly after that. We've never been back. I wonder if the old house is still standing. If it is, does the ghostly figure of an old woman still roam restlessly through it, still disturbing the peace of the living?



"A LIVING CORPSE, A DEAD SOUL"

IN HIS final days, Adolf Hitler used "staggering" numbers of drug injections but probably was neither insane nor physically addicted, according to the only surviving doctor who was in the infamous bunker where the Fuehrer died.

"Hitler was not a drug addict in the strict sense of the term," said Dr. Ernst Gunther Schenck. "He used many drugs but he never became addicted to any one. . . . But he was psychologically dependent upon the idea of drugs as magic."

The 81-year-old Schenck said he has studied the German dictator's extensive personal medical records over the past 40 years and has concluded that Hitler was neither clinically insane nor physically dependent on drugs.

"Medicine cannot explain Adolf Hitler but it can offer some fascinating clues. Medically Hitler was neither unique nor unusual. He was the slave of some very common maladies," Schenck said, among them depression, an inflamed colon, heart disease and Parkinson's disease.

His remarks appeared in a copyrighted story in the October 11, 1985, issue of the AMA's *American Medical News*, whose national affairs editor Dennis L. Breo interviewed the doctor in Germany.

Schenck was a colonel in charge of nutrition for the Nazi army in April 1945 when he was summoned to stockpile food for Hitler's bunker. On seeing Hitler for the first time, early on the day of his suicide, Schenck said, "He was a living corpse, a dead soul. Gone were the powers to charm, to fascinate, to bend others to his steel will. He was a wasted man with hunched shoulders and dead eyes."

Schenck's findings complement a 1983 book by British author David Irving titled *The Secret Diaries of Hitler's Doctor*, based on the diaries and reports of Prof. Theodor Gilbert Morell, the physician who attended Hitler from 1937 through 1945. Schenck said records kept by Morell filled 50 boxes and indicate that the dictator took 92 different medications from 1941 through 1945.



QUIRKS OF FATE

by Harold Helfer

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Whelden were sound asleep, side by side, in their Falmouth, Mass., home when a bolt of lightning zoomed through the closed bedroom window. Linda Whelden awoke to behold "a ball of fire" under her husband's head. His hair and his pillow were on fire. She tried to pull him off the bed but the floor had become wet from the rain pouring through the broken window and she could not keep her footing. Chances are that Donald Whelden was killed instantly, though, by the lightning bolt. Mrs. Whelden was not hurt.

Hurrying home to Renton, Wash., Marc Barney died instantly when his motorcycle collided head-on with a car driven by his wife. Worried because her husband was late, Mrs. Barney had gone out to look for him. She was not hurt in the accident.

Dennis Yearwood was killed as he strolled down an Owings Mills, Md., road. A tire came off a truck, rolled 1800 feet and struck Yearwood from behind.

When Ellen Martin of Brampton, Ontario, suddenly dropped dead, it was a double tragedy. She fell atop her five-month-old grandson whom she was baby-sitting and killed him.

When his daughter Ellen Gastwirth and his daughter-in-law Debbie Seiden gave

birth to girls on January 23, 1985, it was a festive occasion for Jules Seiden of New York City. The day was his 64th birthday.

Actor Mark Lindsay was hired to play the part of John Lennon in a movie about the assassinated Beatle star but, through no fault of his own, he was fired. A bizarre coincidence is what did it. The producers of the movie decided it wasn't fitting to have him in that part when it came to light that Mark Lindsay's real last name was Chapman. He had changed his name because another Mark Chapman belonged to the actors' union. And, as it happened, Mark Chapman was also the name of the man who killed Lennon and is now serving a life sentence for the crime.

When citizen Henri Berard of Vancouver, British Columbia, saw a car without lights weaving past a stop sign, its driver obviously inebriated, he promptly made a U-turn and set off to find a police officer. He did — but before he could finish telling his story, the policeman asked to see *his* license. It seems the officer had seen Henri Berard driving too fast and cited him not only for speeding but for driving without a license.

At the Lake Washington beach in Seattle torrents of rain fell and the waves were furious — and nobody came to the National Weather Service picnic.

St. Joseph's Church...

SAFE HARBOR

Untold numbers of Texans have survived killer storms in her sanctuary. Who can explain such ethereal protection?

By Luvine Elias

BRICK and stone buildings collapsed. Wooden structures blew apart. Uprooted trees flew through the air and

utility poles snapped. After hours of 200 mph winds and pelting rain, Galveston, Tex., was inundated, a scene of almost total destruction. One building — St. Joseph's Church — stood un-



damaged, the refugees in her sanctuary unharmed.

Built by German immigrants in 1859, St. Joseph's served as a meeting place for immigrants entering the United States through Galveston. Since it was built, it has survived many storms, even the killer hurricane in 1900 which claimed 6000 lives and almost totally destroyed Galveston.

After more than a century, the church still stands, a symbol of refuge. Its massive oak doors, delicately hand-carved altars and pews and arched ceiling not only reflect the artisans' skill but also seem to represent ethereal protection.

Strangely, not everyone noticed or cared that the structure and her refugees always emerged unharmed after devastating storms. And what storms could not do, avaricious men tried to do. In 1968 the sanctuary was closed and plans were made to convert the property into a commercial site. Sanctuary furnishings, altars, pews and statues were auctioned off and the church was destined for the wrecking ball.

But knowledgeable men — and espe-

cially descendants of survivors of the 1900 hurricane — began to ask, "Why destroy this historic church?" The Galveston Historical Society granted their plea to save the sanctuary from certain destruction, then set about reclaiming the furnishings, altars, pews and statues which had been so summarily auctioned off. Soon St. Joseph's Church had been completely restored.

The Texas Historical Committee has erected a historical marker at the site which gives a brief history of the church and emphasizes its role in saving refugees' lives during killer storms.

During the latest hurricane — Alicia in August 1983 — a great-granddaughter of a survivor of the devastation in 1900 sought refuge in St. Joseph's Church. Asked if the Galveston Historical Society had restored its ethereal protective atmosphere, she nodded yes.

"I am living proof," she said. "I survived Alicia in the sanctuary."

St. Joseph's Church apparently houses a power greater than that of wind and rain.



MACABRE COINCIDENCE

By Lynn Schroeder-Nanko

THE MARINE Corps Air Station chapel in El Toro, Calif., was destroyed April 27, 1985, when a plane crashed into it. A World War II-vintage aircraft, performing in the Navy Relief Air Show, barreled into the empty chapel at 9:38 A.M.

By macabre coincidence, the chapel was to have been the setting for a memorial service for two deceased airmen at 9:00 A.M. but the service was postponed.

The crash tore a hole in the building and set off a fire that gutted the wooden structure. Instantly killed were the pilot Merrel Gossman of Van Nuys and his passenger, Navy Hospitalman Robert B. Arrowsmith of Ogden, Utah. No other injuries were reported.

The chapel would have been full at the time of the crash and many more lives would have been lost if the memorial service had not been canceled.

BOOKS



NEWS & REVIEWS

by Jerome Clark

MYSTERIES OF MORMONISM

ALL OVER the world people of all kinds are convinced they are in communication with paranormal intelligences. Although these intelligences identify themselves variously as deities, saints, discarnates, Ascended Masters or extraterrestrials, they otherwise have much in common, telling extraordinarily complex tales which offer new visions of the world and detailed hidden (or suppressed) histories of the human race. They also prophesy the coming of a new age, preceded by great destruction and suffering. The individuals who receive these messages are informed that they themselves are prophets, that they have a major role to play in a great spiritual drama and that they are to spread the word and gather followers.

The result frequently is severe disruption of percipients' lives. The prophecies go unfulfilled and the movements built around the higher intelligences' teachings fail, usually dying with the first generation of believers. Events like these happen far more frequently than most people realize.

What is rare is a successful modern movement based on alleged communications from a higher intelligence. None has been more successful than the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, better known as Mormonism. The peculiar circumstances that brought this faith into being are recounted matter-of-factly in Richard L. Bushman's scholarly history *Joseph Smith and the Beginnings of Mormonism* (University of Illinois Press, Urbana, Ill., 1984, 262 pages, \$17.95).

Dr. Bushman, who describes himself as a "believing Mormon," acknowledges that non-Mormons may have difficulty making

sense of this tale of angelic visitors and gold plates which, when translated, give (in Smith's words) "an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the sources from whence they sprang." (This account was published as *The Book of Mormon*.) Bushman writes, "My method has been to relate events as the participants themselves experienced them, using their own words when possible. Insofar as the revelations were a reality to them, I have treated them as real in this narrative. General readers will surely be left with questions about the meaning of these experiences. . . ."

Precisely so. Bushman's book is best read as a clever, learned defense of the proposition that God, Jesus and the angel Moroni appeared at various times to Joseph Smith and anointed him prophet of a religion which was to supersede all previous Christian churches. While of course Bushman, a respected American historian, has every right to believe as he wishes, readers who reject this interpretation are not likely to be satisfied. That doesn't mean that Bushman should be expected to provide some easy reductionist "solution" — in this, as in many other cases of claimed interaction with higher intelligences, accusations of fraud and mental illness are unhelpful, little more than dodges for those ducking hard questions — but I wish that Bushman had done more than simply recount events and argue for the sincerity of the participants, since in this context such an argument amounts to a brief for the divine origin of Mormonism. This is hardly the only possible interpretation.

Take, for example, his assertion, persuasively argued, that Smith, a man of little

formal education, could not have produced out of his conscious imagination so complex a work as *The Book of Mormon*. Critics who concede as much have tried to link the *Book* to a novel by Solomon Spalding or to ideas from Smith's cultural environment, but Bushman easily demonstrates that this astonishing work not only bears no significant resemblance to Spalding's but "portrays another world in many ways alien to our own," with an extremely complicated plot and a vast cast of characters. (It purports to tell the true story of the migration of the Nephites from Palestine to America around 600 B.C. and the extinction of their civilization around A.D. 400.)

Unfortunately Bushman goes no further than that, leaving the clear impression that only divine intelligences could have produced the *Book*. No mention is made of other equally remarkable "inspired" books allegedly passed on by higher intelligences. A discussion of the *Book* in this context may answer at least a few of the questions Bushman begs.

That archaeology has found not an iota of evidence that any of the events described in

the *Book* really happened does not diminish the mystery of how such a tale came to be told. Nor is it easy to explain the visions Smith experienced in the company of others. Equally baffling is the matter of the apparently physical plates from which Smith "translated" the *Book*. Yet these questions are no more puzzling than questions posed by the experiences of other prophets and visionaries, including the flying-saucer contactees whose stories I recount elsewhere in this issue.

It is possible to believe anything if one sees the event that inspires that belief as unique. Joseph Smith's story is strange, maybe even inexplicable, but it is far from unique.

STRANGELY ENTERTAINING

POPULAR BOOKS on the mysteries of the world are seldom very good, usually because their authors are too lazy to research their subjects adequately or because they believe too much. Some, in fact, don't really seem to care much about whether what they're writing is true. Others simply don't know how to write.

None of these things is true of Daniel

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Special Lottery Disclosure Report Astounds Experts

New York Man Uses Lottery Report To Hit \$13.7 Million Jackpot

His name: Manuel Garcia.

His address: Scarsdale, Queens, New York.

His age: 64.

His family: Married to Maria with a daughter, Heidi, age 6.

The fact:

Manuel Garcia's luck changed forever overnight. When he won the last drawing of August 21, 1986, he was just another factory employee working an assembly line. Struggling to make enough money to support his growing family. Wondering if he'd ever be able to escape a day cramped city apartment.

When he woke up the next morning, August 22, he learned his money problems were over. He had hit the New York State Lottery Jackpot. His number was and paid \$13.7 million.

What did a mere immigrant from South America know about playing and winning American lotteries?

Not a whole lot... until he made a discovery. It happened back in August. Fred Gross, chief of playing the lottery and never winning a dime. The family got up. Manuel Garcia would have been enough for the rest of his life.

Then someone handed him a special Lottery Disclosure Report. Written by the most famous lottery expert in America: Gail Howard.

What'd the lottery official think? Foolish, he was skeptical. How could anyone actually "read" you lucky? But he had nothing to lose. He was already a loser! So he read the Report. Then he secretly picked a number as directed. Within hours of the deadline, he received the New York State Lottery...

And he came away "Grand Prize Winner". His number won an absolute fortune. Manuel Garcia told co-workers and members of the press that he was winning six digits combination, 16 07-23-29-47, was picked "out of thin air." Why take chances. He'd read a few articles outlining prize money from the State Lottery Commission because he had help in winning from Gail Howard and her "Hot" Report.

Anyone reading this notice must realize something: Gail Howard was not a controversial figure in every State Lottery office in the country. A consistent winner herself—with a reputation for helping people beat the government lottery system. One State Lottery Director, appearing with her in national media, and enough that her Reports were sold for State Lotteries... because they helped create so many winners.

Call Howard: Solving the Riddle of the State Lottery.



State Lottery Commissions have taken notice of Gail Howard. A consistent lottery winner herself. Among the right combination signs and signs... she's Lottery Editor of Gambling Times magazine and author of New York State's lottery handicapping guide, Gail Howard's Lottery Advantage. As a lottery winning expert, she has appeared on leading national TV broadcast prize winners' articles in national magazines and leading daily newspapers. With this Special Lottery Disclosure Report there is your chance to win in the lottery.



Here's what happened when recent Lottery Disclosure information was circulated among lottery players: Dr. J.B.T. of Hammon, Michigan, used the information and won \$2,609,000; R.C. of Chicago, Illinois, won \$2,247,000; Michael J. Moschese won \$2,062,000; Gene Lake, \$2,375,000; Greg Caron, \$2,699,000; C.R. of Canada, \$4,550,000; E.R. Pavlovski, \$1,900,000; M.S. Elin, \$1,128,000; Ronald Mueller, \$1,300,000. These are just the few lottery winners advising Gail Howard help.

YOU ARE GUARANTEED TO WIN!

Please realize this: Once you receive your Lottery Disclosure Report, the amount of money you can win depends upon the "hot" of the lottery. (It might be sold up in the millions or in the thousands). You might win less prize or you might win more other prize. But you have a "win" guarantee.

If you want to play your official State Lottery or any State Lottery you like (IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE—THIS REPORT EXPLAINS HOW TO PLAY AND WIN IN SEVEN LOTTERIES AROUND THE U.S.) you can enter any with a lottery prize of up to thousands or more! This statement is guaranteed. If you are not satisfied with your winnings, simply return your copy of the Report and the entire purchase price will be refunded. There is no way you can lose by this offer. (This is how much you can win. Look at Manuel Garcia.)

How much money will YOU make?

If all these people who know money, as can you, if you get a copy of this special report.

Do you know that leading daily newspapers, national magazines and other publications agree Gail Howard is a true lottery winning expert? Special information from Gail Howard can increase your chance of winning the State Lottery by five hundred percent.

Gail Howard has been brought with interview requests from TV, radio and newspaper reporters. All hoping to get her to reveal everything. To "go public" with her special information on beating the government lottery system.

She's said NO—because that would spoil the lottery for everyone.

However, to help all the serious lottery players the can, Gail Howard has authorized release of the special Lottery Disclosure Report that DOES REVEAL EVERYTHING. ONCE AND FOR ALL.

If you are an adult preparing to enter the State Lottery, you may need for a copy of this Report. But you're urged to wait to see about it.

Will Government Officials ban this Report?

As of the date of this notice, State Lottery Officials have not banned circulation of this or any Lottery Disclosure Report. (And it is legal for you to obtain a copy.) Yet all those preparing to play the lottery should be aware of this concern that Gail Howard's lottery-winning information could hurt lottery games has reached highest State Lottery levels!

For a copy of this Report used in the coupons at close. (Copies of the Report are only available through this Notice.)

Late Bulletin!

Virginia Man Uses Report—Wins \$230,000.00!

After three years of playing the lottery, E. W. Mathis of Virginia, an accounting expert, obtained Gail Howard's information... used this information... and won \$230,000.00. Claims that without this information, he would have been a "lottery-loser" all his life!

Special Report Office
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LB-FA-1

Yes, I'm preparing to play my official State Lottery—and make other State Lottery bets. Please rush me the special Lottery Disclosure Report for which I enclose \$10 plus \$2 postage & handling. (This is the same special report that enabled Manuel Garcia to win.) Please send me:

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Cohen, consistently the best popular author of books on mysteries real and alleged. Cohen knows his subject, enjoys it and writes with intelligence and humor. He also possesses a sane skepticism which acknowledges that, while most "mysteries" have mundane explanations, not every mystery has been laid to rest and there's no reason to pretend we know everything there is to know. I may quibble with Cohen on the details — I can't imagine, for example, how anybody can dislike Charles Fort, as Cohen says he does — but I can only admire his good-natured, commonsense approach.

The Encyclopedia of the Strange (Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, N.Y., 1985, 291 pages, \$16.95) is a delightful romp through anomalies of nature, history, archaeology, psychology, occultism and Fortean — a perfect book to delve into a few pages at a time and then, after you've finished it, to keep handy for reference if you need an accurate quick assessment of what is known about everything from "Ancient High Tech" to "UFOs."

You may not agree with Cohen on every point. On occasion his judgments are, in my opinion, a little off. "Carlos Allende" of "Philadelphia Experiment" notoriety is less mysterious than Cohen makes him out to be (see Robert A. Goerman's expose "Alias Carlos Allende," October 1980 FATE) and the Roswell, N. Mex., UFO incident is *more* mysterious than Cohen judges it. But these are small matters. Cohen writes almost as prolifically as Brad Steiger used to, but his books usually have something to recommend them. This one is one of his best.

Another engaging bedside-companion book is *Omni's Catalog of the Bizarre*, edited by Pamela Weintraub (Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y., 1985, 246 pages, \$9.95, paperback). *Catalog* consists of short items, most of them no more than a page (or less) in length, reprinted from *Omni's* "Antimatter" section, which deals with recent paranormal claims and scientific oddities. The book is nothing profound; it's a sophisticated "Believe It or Not" and nothing more, but it's good fun.

True Tales of the Unknown, edited by Sharon Jarvis (Bantam Books, New York, N.Y., 1985, 164 pages, \$2.95, paperback), is the kind of book that was popular about 20 years ago but is seldom seen anymore: a

WINNING WITH WITCHCRAFT

Although my book is called "Winning With Witchcraft" it is not a book for witches. Fully fledged witches will not find anything really new in its pages and indeed they may disapprove of many of the things written in it. They will not like the fact that I have removed the "mystery" of witchcraft, dispensing with all the complicated paraphernalia usually associated with the Craft, in order to demonstrate to the ordinary person that to practise it is really very simple indeed. My book is definitely only for the everyday lay woman or man; the person who is fascinated by witchcraft and its possibilities, but is either too busy or apprehensive to actually get involved in it.

HOW TO WIN IN LIFE

I do not in my book bog the reader down with the theory or history of witchcraft. That can be found in other books. No, my work is an "action" book, one of practice rather than speculation. In it I show you how to win in life with witchcraft. There are two sides, or dimensions, to witchcraft: the religious, spiritual dimension, and the dynamic "active" dimension, i.e. that of deliberately manipulating events and circumstances for one's ends. My book is about this second, exciting dimension. But before I continue let me tell you something about myself. My name is Jean Williams, and for the last twenty years I have been actively practising witchcraft in the pursuit of securing personal objectives. I am a perfectly ordinary woman, not possessing special psychic powers of any kind. Neither am I particularly bright or good looking. I mention these points because I want to show you that the wonderful, fast acting powers of witchcraft can be at anyone's command, regardless of ability, once the secret of witchcraft is understood. I have never belonged to a coven or occult group of any kind. There is nothing special that you have "to be", or no one special you have to know, in order for you to begin working wonders with witchcraft from the very moment you know what to do.

IMMEDIATE RESULTS

Immediately you have finished reading my book you can begin casting magic witchcraft spells to obtain whatever you desire. And you don't have to worry about trying to obtain difficult to get herbs or special equipment; almost all of the rituals I give involve very little or no paraphernalia, and what things you may have to get can be purchased very easily and inexpensively. For twenty years I have been "winning the game of life" through witchcraft. With my book you can start doing the very same the minute you have read it. With simple witchcraft spells and rituals I show how you can make any member of the opposite sex desire you immediately, compel a reluctant lover to marry you, stop the romantic interest of someone you would rather be without. With witchcraft you can forget about being a loser in love, in money, or anything else. By using witchcraft I show how you can actually take control of the "forces of chance" and make everything you touch seemingly turn to gold. You will be able to play a bingo game, place a bet, enter any contest, and know that you will win. You can have any man or woman you want, or any luxury you choose. With witchcraft these things become automatic when you use the appropriate spells or rituals to obtain them. I can say all this with absolute confidence for this has been my experience from practising witchcraft. I have benefited tremendously from witchcraft and I only seek the pleasure of sharing my knowledge with you. Witchcraft, I believe, should not be the jealously guarded secret of a selfish few, but should be made available to all who seek a better and more fulfilling life.

WHAT WITCHCRAFT CAN BRING YOU

In my book you read about:

- Winning the admiration and respect of people. Stop them exploiting and using you.
- Using witchcraft to promote you self interests at all times, without harming the interests of others.
- Commanding things to happen through powerful spells and invocations. With witchcraft you don't have to grovel or pray to God for help.
- Magic witchcraft spells that quickly make you more self-assured, confident, and sought after by the opposite sex.
- The Binding Love Spell that makes someone of the opposite sex love you.
- Simple witchcraft remedies that alleviate pain, reduce fever, stimulate hair growth.

- A powerful ritual that compels an unwanted neighbour to move away.
- A simple Moon Spell for miraculously solving financial difficulties.
- An ancient ritual for making a barren woman fertile.
- A simple divination rite for immediately telling if your mate is true or not.
- Compel a thief to return stolen property.
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- A simple formula for finding out which of two lovers loves you the most.
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THE SECRET SCIENCE OF NATURE

It is unfortunate that many people associate witchcraft with devil-worship. Most witches don't even believe in the Devil! I certainly don't. Witchcraft is not Black Magic. But, fortunately, witchcraft can be used to protect one's self from Black Magic. My book shows how you can quickly and easily break any evil curse, and shows also how you can forever make yourself safe from harm and evil of every kind. Some people also harbour the idea that witchcraft is just "superstitious nonsense", in fact quite the opposite is true. Witchcraft is the secret science of nature. It could not possibly work if it was merely based on old wives' tales. I personally am not superstitious. I was born on the 13th, I live in a house no. 13, I walk under ladders, etc.; but I very much definitely believe in the powers of witchcraft. You will believe, too, once you have tried the simple rituals in my book! Nor is witchcraft just "positive thinking". I know lots of people who use positive thinking and yet they are losers in life. Witchcraft is more dynamic. With witchcraft you don't, and cannot, fail; you only succeed and win.

THE ULTIMATE WITCHCRAFT RITUAL

The very end and part of my book I have saved for what I consider to be the ultimate witchcraft ritual, at least in material terms: a ritual that unleashes a tremendous torrent of opportunity, riches and good fortune. I consider this ritual to be little short of sensational, but I will be frank with you: I have only ever used it once. It worked so well that I just couldn't handle all the good things that came from it. I am not one of these people who can handle immediate, or even gradual, wealth. But if you are one of those people who believe they can then you should try this ritual. It could change your life!

I do not claim my book to be the best or finest written on the subject of witchcraft. But I do claim it to be the most practical. If you are one of those people who has always wanted to try their hand at witchcraft, but were too busy or apprehensive to do so then my book is for you. It is written for you, and I promise you that what you pay for it will be the best spent money of your life. Witchcraft works. Those who practise it know. They are life's winners.

To order your copy of Miss Williams' book ("Winning With Witchcraft") send \$14.95, made payable to Finbarr International, to: Finbarr International, 16 Turbot Road, Folkestone, Kent, England. Send your own personal check or money order. Price includes express air mail; delivery guaranteed within 14 days. We have been shipping books worldwide since 1986; you can order from us with complete confidence. Readers in England send six English pounds.

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collection of unrelated, supposedly authentic ghost stories written in a breathless style reminiscent of pulp fiction. The result is a pleasant, harmless collection which those who wonder what ever happened to books like this will welcome.

OTHER REVIEWS

THE STORY OF DION FORTUNE as told to Charles Fielding and Carr Collins, Star & Cross Publication, Box 25541, Dallas, Tex. 75225, 1985, 330 pages, \$8.95, paperback.

Even to those familiar with her writings Dion Fortune remains an enigma. Her work ranges from sublime standard texts of Western mysticism (*The Mystical Qabalah*) and down-to-earth advice for metaphysical novices (*Sane Occultism*) to silliness (*The Esoteric Philosophy of Love and Marriage*) and paranoia (*Psychic Self Defense*). She has been called a great occultist, a simple dissident breakaway from the Golden Dawn order and even a sex magician who wrote to Aleister Crowley for advice on how to perform animal sacrifices. Assuming that the truth always had lain between these positions, I have waited for years for a biography that would clarify and unify her work and personal history.

I eagerly tore into *The Story of Dion Fortune* hoping to find answers to my questions. I was initially disappointed. First, this is not so much a book as it is a selection of articles with redundant, sometimes slightly confusing information. Second, the book gives little of her history but a great deal of the growth of the organization she formed, the Society of the Inner Light.

Unfortunately it is not until the middle of the book that we read, "The purpose of this book has been to examine Dion Fortune . . . against the background of the Society she created." Once this is made clear, the book, despite minor flaws, becomes an important contribution to the history of modern Western occultism.

Dion Fortune (real name Violet Mary Evans nee Firth) was born into a Christian Science family, thus opening her mind at an early age to nonmaterial possibilities. The book's unknown author or authors provide spotty information on her early years along with descriptions of events such as a psychic

attack which affected her for years. The book follows her stormy relationship with the leaders of the famous occult organization Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn and leads into her formation of the Society of the Inner Light. It then traces the history of the Society throughout her "Wardenship" to the present time. This history, brief as it is, makes the book worth its price.

But it also goes into the philosophy of the Society, explaining that the Society governs three different metaphysical directions simultaneously. One path is an earth mysteries cum paganism which is demonstrated in some of Fortune's novels (*The Sea Priestess*, *The Goat-Foot God*) and is not to be confused with the watered-down Ceremonial Magic rituals practiced by some who call themselves Pagans. The second path is that of Ceremonial Magic, as exemplified by some of her nonfiction prose (*The Mystical Qabalah*, *The Esoteric Orders and Their Work*). The third path, a side of Dion Fortune that is little known, is a strictly devotional path, for which she developed within the Society an organization called the Guild of the Master Jesus. All of this is well

explained in the first half of the book.

The second half goes beyond description to lectures and actual rituals used by these divisions of the Society of the Inner Light. This book finally provides the insight needed to understand the many facets of Dion Fortune.

The writers admit that there can be no "Full Story of Dion Fortune"; she left many "gaps, inconsistencies and gave inadequate explanations." Most of those who knew her are dead and few of those remaining are willing to be quoted. They say only that "in time, perhaps, more detail will become available."

So we are left with a few added bits of information: that she secretly wrote romance-mystery titles to help fund the Society (but we are given no titles), that, yes, she did use higher levels of sexuality in some of her rituals (but we aren't told of her many affairs). Perhaps we will never know all about Dion Fortune but this book shows a little more about her and a great deal more about the Society. For now it is enough.

—Donald Michael Kraig.

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YOUR PAST LIVES AND THE HEALING PROCESS by Adrian Finkelstein, Coleman Publishing, Farmingdale, N.Y., 1985, 233 pages, \$9.95, paperback.

The first three chapters of *Your Past Lives and the Healing Process* (subtitled "A Psychiatrist Looks at Reincarnation and Spiritual Healing") give the kind of scholarly overview of the history of belief in reincarnation one might expect from a man of Dr. Adrian Finkelstein's credentials. I was happy to see an accurate evaluation of Ian Stevenson's work but I began to worry when Finkelstein started to use the *National Enquirer* as a reference.

Finkelstein may have acquired sophisticated skills as a psychiatrist and hypnotherapist but he is naive about paranormal phenomena. He fails consistently to examine alternate explanations or evidence that might indicate other factors accounting for his findings. His guided imagery might be better termed "misguided imagery" since it does not occur to him that he may consciously or unconsciously be influencing his subjects to tell him what he wants to hear. He admits that he discusses various reincarnation theories with them, unaware, apparently, that he may be implanting suggestions and inviting them to create "past experiences."

He ignores reports of subjects who, after giving astonishing details of a "previous life," have also revealed under later hypnotic sessions where in *this* life they obtained that information. He relates how he eventually restricted his "research" to lives lived no longer than 100 or 200 years ago for easier "verification" of details, stating, "I now stood on sounder scientific ground." Looks like thin ice to me!

Even more dismay is his unequivocal acceptance of the claims of Philippine psychic surgeons. Finkelstein asserts there is "overwhelming evidence" proving its validity but he cites none. He also states that "many scientists have become convinced of the genuineness of this phenomenon." I know several who have investigated these "surgeons" and all were convinced that most if not all they witnessed was sleight of hand. All of us in this field are painfully aware that "hands on" phenomena are automatically suspect and that an M.D. or Ph.D. does not

assure expertise in prestidigitation.

The doctor makes many unfortunate, even outlandish, statements. For example, according to the *observations* (my emphasis) of a Japanese scientist, the psychic surgeon's energy, accumulated through the astral body, transcends the physical dimension, eliminates the physical energy of the patient's body temporarily "dissolving" (dematerializing) skin or tissues. This, he says, "explains how a surgeon's hands can freely enter the patient's physical body. . . . This paranormal ability is rare." Quite!

Finkelstein's credulity is alarming and dangerous. Because of his credentials many readers may take his blind acceptance as fact and be misled and harmed in the process. He actually supplies the names, addresses and sometimes phone numbers of Philippine healers.

The remainder of this book is a hodgepodge of speculation about the Bible, astrology, spiritual growth and other matters. Unless you're seeking an affirmation of unfounded beliefs, you can skip this one.
—Rosemarie Pilkington.

THE WAY OF CARTOUCHE by Murry Hope, St. Martin's Press, New York, N.Y., 1985, 213 pages, \$19.95.

The Way of Cartouche is a brand-new divinatory system which, barring certain frustrating mechanical difficulties, might well rank up there with the Tarot. Its inventor Murry Hope is a wise and eclectic mystic who here presents a knowingly simple approach to a plethora of strange ancient Egyptian profundities, as the name "Cartouche" suggests. What you get is a deck of 25 cards, each one a "cartouche" of an ancient god or mystic notion, and a handbook on their use, well-written and easily read. Nonetheless I had problems with the whole business right from the start.

The book kicks off with the almost mandatory blather about archetypes, relativity, Atlanteans, Star People and whatnot, all of which the skeptic will find unconvincing and the evolved believer unnecessary. A few of the author's own notions may make you blink, such as her warning that the potency of the symbology is such that the cards may sometimes reverse themselves in the deck when necessary! Once past such impedi-

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ments, though, you're into some pretty fascinating stuff.

My real problem, however, was with the slender deck of triple-size cards which I found difficult to handle smoothly and impossible to use for divination. These you first cut in five prescribed moves, three of which are meaningless. Has anyone thought this thing through? What is worse, the back artwork is so ill-rendered as to plainly show whether the cards are upright (mainly good) or reversed (mainly bad) as you handle them. I found this so distracting that I had to look away, compounding my difficulties.

I purposely tried all this during a "hot streak" in some ESP testing. It took me three questions and layouts before I got an intelligible reading — which turned out to be wrong. These cards were definitely telling me something. They were telling me that they didn't like me very much.

But even when wrong, the reading had power to inspire in my mind all sorts of novel and useful insights into my questions. Nor did my testing do the system real justice. I think *Cartouche* could work. It deserves a better deck and a better chance. — *Garman Lord.*

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO PAST LIFE REGRESSION by Florence McClain, Llewellyn Publishing, St. Paul, Minn., 1985, 160 pages, \$6.95, paperback.

Florence McClain's transpersonal approach to past-life recall is practical and spiritual. *A Practical Guide to Past Life Regression* offers detailed instructions for recalling what may be past-life memories. Equally important, it presents them in a framework that is psychologically sound. McClain's viewpoint is always focused on the here-and-now usefulness for personal growth of whatever you may learn about your past lives. She says that if it doesn't help you function well in the world, if it doesn't help you become happier, saner and more loving, then past-life recall is merely a parlor game. I couldn't agree more.

McClain's approach doesn't attempt to persuade you of the reality of reincarnation. Rather, it begins with the assumption that you either believe it or are interested enough to explore the possibility on the basis of personal experience. Yet she does not ignore the

parapsychological evidence that indicates the reality of reincarnation. (She describes herself as a parapsychologist, although that term is used very loosely today, and she tells us nothing about her experience except to say that she has conducted more than 2000 past-life regressions.)

Nor does she attempt to examine in detail the many philosophical questions surrounding reincarnation but, again, she doesn't wholly ignore them and does offer some interesting comments along the way about the origin of souls and the time interval between lives. So there is a judicious balance between the theoretical and the practical.

It is said that on the night he was enlightened Buddha recalled all his previous lives, some 900,000 of them. If that is an indication of how many past-life regressions a person would have to conduct this time around to attain enlightenment and get off the wheel of death-and-rebirth, forget it! Fortunately for humanity, Buddha and other sages have taught and demonstrated the "steep path" to enlightenment that goes directly beyond the entire space-time framework in which reincarnation occurs. As the yogi Shankara put it a millennium ago, from the enlightened point of view, reincarnation does not mean that your ego moves through successive existences but that the transcendent Self is the "one and only transmigrant."

I am delighted to say that *A Practical Guide to Past Life Regression* is grounded in that perspective. McClain clearly understands the transpersonal nature of personal growth through lifetime after lifetime and explicitly explains it for the reader's benefit. As Buddha showed, we do not need to recall all our previous lives to become enlightened. But since reincarnation is an aspect of born-existence, it must be examined in the course of our rediscovery of the Self.

From that point of view McClain has written a valuable book which separates the sense from the nonsense surrounding the current interest in past lives. She argues from a wide variety of her own research cases that past-life experiences may be the basis of present-life problems. She also holds that recalling past-life experiences can be a significant breakthrough for those undergoing psychotherapy, even the major step toward restoring the person to health and happiness. — *John White.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

These columns of FATE are set aside each month for your comments. Send your opinion of articles and stories of unusual occurrences to FATE Magazine, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035.

HELP FOR ABDUCTEEES

In the debate over whether UFO abductees are reporting birth trauma, we may be overlooking a basic question: the possible meaning of what has happened. Whether abductees have had an objective contact (i.e., they have been taken physically into extra-terrestrial vehicles and examined in some way) or whether it was subjective (i.e., they imagined it), the fact remains that they share an experience that evokes particular imagery, possibly that of birth. Why this imagery instead of some other?

I suggest that what these individuals have undergone, either objectively or subjectively, is some sort of initiation. They describe it with birth imagery because this is the common and appropriate metaphor used in numerous religions to describe spiritual rites of passage. The experience is not so much a reliving of the physical birth trauma as it is a *birth analogue*. Many of our common human physical processes — birth, death, eating, for example — are used as analogues to spiritual experiences. In other words, they are used to symbolize these higher-plane events.

You may object that the abductee, unlike the prepared eager initiate, had no expectation that anything would happen to him and has suffered considerable distress and confusion afterwards. It is possible that his soul (or spirit) may be ready to move on to higher experiences — which is what initiation is all about — while the body and its everyday awareness remain where they were, suffering

increasingly from their incompatibility with the Higher Self. Think of the ill health and mental difficulties of many mystics and spiritual geniuses, problems that may well have been the result of the spiritual experience — as if the physical and emotional apparatus could no longer serve as an appropriate vehicle for the soul.

The problem is more than academic. While we argue about details of the birth trauma and the psychological minutiae of abductees' lives, many of them are trying to pick up the pieces, knowing that they will never be the same, that *something* has happened, but they are unable to understand what or why. If we take a clue from the birth imagery and interpret an abduction as a birth analogue, we may be able to help abductees comprehend the experience as an initiation so that they may move into the new life that has opened up. — Margaret B. Schworm, White River Junction, Vt.

KEEPING CSICOP HONEST

Since I had debunked a number of Bigfoot hoaxes as well as the New Guinea "mermaids," when I moved to Los Angeles last year I decided to see a skeptics' organization from the inside. I found a new chapter of the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal called the Southern California Skeptics (SCS) operating on the Cal-Tech campus in Pasadena. SCS held monthly meetings with lectures in a skeptical vein and treated such topics as UFOs, the Bermuda Triangle and all paranormal phe-

nomena in a negative light. Among the lecturers were Robert Sheaffer and Paul Kurtz, and James Randi attended one meeting.

I joined the chapter and offered alternative views on various topics during the question-and-answer periods. Imagine the opposition I encountered! I felt intensely negative vibes at these meetings and if thoughts could kill, some of those little old ladies from Pasadena would have knocked me off. I also found that some of the young students actually came to learn about the paranormal, even if by the back door.

In time I heard numerous complaints from the members about the way the organization was run. The people who communicated with me indicated that they felt paying \$15 a year to get a mere newsletter while they could not vote for officers or leaders or participate in investigations of "paranormal claims" was frustrating. The monthly meetings were held merely to announce what the Board of Directors had already done.

Once, however, I was able to read the new by-laws which relegated the general membership to a "subscriber" class with no vote. I also learned that the SCS newsletter would

publish nothing that remotely suggested any sympathy for paranormal claims. I found other things — such as that amendments were added to the by-laws without proper advance notice, thus making all additions technically null and void (if a lawyer ever happened to be around).

At a recent meeting I was met by three security guards from Cal-Tech who were there to make sure I didn't "disrupt" the proceedings. I shook hands with these men, saying, "No problem," then passed out 300 leaflets which called for enfranchisement of the membership, changes in newsletter policy, a social hour and a new structure for the meetings. The assistant managing director tried to order me to stop but the audience snapped up the leaflets and read them eagerly.

As I left I got a lot of dirty looks from the higher-ups. — *Erik Beckjord, Malibu, Calif.*

Thanks and congratulations for Curtis Fuller's ongoing commentary on the parapsychological scene and the irrational and unconscionable CSICOP. Any layman, such as I, with some acquaintance with the litera-

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ture and a desire to be objective can hardly escape the overwhelming evidence in favor of the existence of the paranormal.

Skeptics, of course, are asking the impossible. A spirit or spiritual element cannot be dissected or put under a microscope to be examined like a lump of ore.

It seems that persons who assail paranormal claims are rejecting the facts because of the implications of those facts for their materialistic position. Is it possible that personal implications of the paranormal are what the opponents really wish to eliminate?

— Robert S. Camburn, Glenside, Pa.

FLIGHT OF FANCY

It puzzles me that anyone can speak of separating mind from body as D. Scott Rogo does in his review of Harvey J. Irwin's *Flight of Mind* (January 1986 FATE). To me the word "mind" is an objectification of an action, just as "activity" is an objectification of action. Our philosophical and parapsychological problems would diminish if we ordinarily replaced the word "mind" with a gerund like "viewing" or "feeling." When I say I "have a mind" I mean that I sense (view) and remember. If I were not a body doing the observing, there would be no observing to call "me."

Consider an analogous word — imagination. I don't read about anyone's imagination leaving his body and wandering around town. Yet that seems as logical as perceiving consciousness outside one's body. Does Rogo's book-reviewing ever leave his body?

— Harry E. Mongold, Manhattan, Ill.

EVOLUTION GOES ON...

In "Report from the Readers" (December 1985 FATE) Arthur Retzlaff expresses astonishment that FATE holds the editorial opinion that evolution is a fact and suggests that the editors remain open-minded about it. I have found them invariably open-minded — but to be fair to Retzlaff, he makes an interesting point. Evolution is not a fact. It is a theory.

Whenever anyone upholds evolution, its opponents immediately bring up the old controversial apes-to-men idea. Actually we can rule out all that because no one knows whether Adam had a fur coat and thumbs on his feet. Plenty of evidence supports the idea that apes and men are no more closely

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related than the elephant and the hyrax. The vast gap between the ape's brain and that of modern man makes it appear that the latter is indeed a special and separate creation. All those "missing link" fossils dug up in Africa might have come from distinct species of hominids now extinct.

As an amateur naturalist with a special interest in birds, I find strong evidence of evolution still going on. Among the birds I see many subspecies that give the impression of new species gradually evolving. For example, the goldfinch of Europe and the goldfinch of America are alike in habits and song but in plumage they are quite different. It is obvious that they had a common ancestor. Scandinavia has the hooded crow, a gray and black bird. Great Britain has the carrion crow, an all black bird exactly the same as the hooded crow except in color. Where the two forms overlap they will interbreed and produce fertile hybrid young. Evolution from an ancestral type must surely be responsible.

North America has about six subspecies of song sparrow, all behaving like song sparrows but looking very different from each other. Some are dark, some pale, some small, some big, but they will all interbreed and produce fertile young. I regard this as more evidence that evolution is still going along nicely as it always has and ever will do. To my mind evolution is controlled by the Creator. — *Arthur T. Jeffery, Clearwater, B.C., Canada.*

WHAT'S UP THERE?

Jerome Clark made a mistake when he decided to publish his favorable review of Francis G. Graham's booklet *There Are No Alien Bases on the Moon* (November 1985 FATE).

I take issue primarily with Clark's calling Graham a "lunar authority" and saying that the booklet is "well researched." I read it and I say nonsense to both compliments because in my opinion Graham seems to lack the necessary knowledge to debunk Fred Steckling's photographic claims. Graham uses just nine pages to present his mostly erroneous comments and introduce a lot of misinformation. Since my accusations are serious I will explain why I feel that Graham is not a "lunar authority" and I will show that the booklet is not "well researched," despite

Graham's unimpressive 48 references.

Because of the abundance of choices, the following two examples are not necessarily the best of the lot but they are representative:

First, Steckling's Plate 107: The caption reads, "Lunar Orbiter IV Photo of White Cigar-Shaped Object near the Crater Romer. NASA No. LO IV 89-H3." Graham explains it away with one sentence: "It appears to be part of the crater rim." The simplest research will show that the crater is not Romer but Taylor A. Romer is north of the equator; Taylor A is south of the equator, hundreds of miles from Romer. The NASA photo number is correct for Taylor A. Steckling does show Crater Romer on Plate 123, still using Taylor A's photo number.

Second, Steckling's Plate 31: The caption says, in part, "...Closeup of the Crater Kepler... showing 3 domes (like large radar domes) located at the crater's rim... Lunar Orbiter III Photo No. 67-H-201." I can't quote Graham fully here because of space limitations but what he offers, as a debunker, are excuses for his inability to "interpret" the "domes" mainly because of the quality of the photo. Then he offers erroneous information to support his meager research. He says that "several earth-based telescopic photos, such as that taken with the 74-inch reflector at Helwan Observatory, show these 'domed structures' to be part of the crater rim." Again, simple research shows that the correct photo number is III-162-M. An overhead view of Kepler on Plate 181 in *Lunar Orbiter Photographic Atlas of the Moon* (NASA SP-206, 1971) shows a normally-shaped crater with a clean rim. The photograph in question was taken from an angle that gives the illusion that part of the central peaks are resting on the rim. This photo has been reproduced in many publications with varying degrees of contrast. Steckling's is the worst. The best can be found in the February 1969 issue of *National Geographic*.

It is obvious that as long as there are Stecklings out there, anyone undertaking to prove them wrong needs some common sense and logic. Graham hasn't yet made the grade. — *Edward Lopez, North Hollywood, Calif.*

One of the major fallacies in Jerome Clark's review of Francis G. Graham's stupid book is the statement that William Brian II's

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Moongate would have us believe we never went to the moon. This is a lie. Bill Kaysing, mentioned in *Moongate*, was of that opinion because the photos and telecasts sent from the moon made it more than evident to any intelligent observer that the moon has a substantial atmosphere and high gravity. Brian's case is airtight. (I collaborated with him on the book although he gave me no credit.)

It is also obvious that Graham has no regard for the truth. His infantile arguments to support his claim, which Clark endorses, indicate he is either a stupid man or a charlatan. Many photos which support the idea of alien bases on the moon were made by astronomers with powerful telescopes. One of the photos taken through a 200-inch telescope decades ago shows a hangarlike structure on the moon. This photo was not available to the American public but was widely circulated in Germany.

Deep layers of dust and soil prove the moon has a dense atmosphere. I could go on and on but it isn't necessary. All this is covered in my book *The Awesome Life Force* which you have not seen fit to review

— no doubt because it thoroughly confutes everything that is held dear in the realm of orthodoxy. — *Joseph H. Cater, Portland, Oreg.*

GOOD TIMING

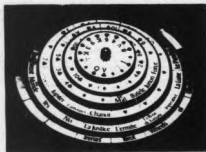
Reading Mary Rose Barrington's "A Slip in Time and Place" (October 1985 FATE) I came upon an example of synchronicity.

Barrington's story is about the Evelyn Church where the diarist John Evelyn lived in Wotton, England. Our son recently sent me a book he thought I would be interested in titled *John Evelyn's Acetaria (1699)*. *The Grand Salad*, compiled and edited by Madeleine Masson. She wrote the foreword in which she said she had a rapport with John Evelyn, a feeling of having known him.

John Evelyn was born in a moated manor house on Leith Hill at Wotton, Surrey, on October 31, 1620. He was the younger son of Richard Evelyn, a local squire, justice of the peace and high sheriff of the county. John and his brother in later life restored the old manor and church in Wotton. — *Isabelle M. Went, Mountain Home, Ark.*

(Continued on page 127)

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 118)

DEVIL'S FOOTPRINTS

I read Gordon Stein's "The Devil's Footprints" (August 1985 FATE) with interest and admired his analysis, but as a reassessment of this classic mystery it is incomplete.

To begin with, Stein perpetuates the incorrect date given by Charles Fort, John Godwin and Frank Edwards, among others. (Rupert Gould, however, got it right.) I've never understood this mistake since the correspondent who signed himself "South Devon" and the first *London Times* report (March 1, 1855) both said the snowfall and the marks occurred on Thursday night, February 8, causing alarm the next morning, the ninth.

Several other important eyewitness accounts are available. *Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World* quotes some contemporary accounts from local sources; these apparently were supplied by Exeter folklorist Theo Brown, who collected them while doing research for a book on the devil's footprints. Although Stein mentions the January 1890 *Notes & Queries*, he failed to note an interesting eyewitness account that claimed the marks appeared in Dorsetshire as well. Moreover, he apparently does not know of the March 1, 1890, *Notes & Queries* which has an eyewitness account supporting the assertion that the footprints continued over a garden wall.

Another interesting eyewitness account, one that offers contradictory details, appears in the *Devon & Cornwall Notes & Queries*. Stein also should have mentioned some intriguing parallel cases in Cornwall, Brazil, China and New Zealand.

I was surprised that nothing was said of Alfred Leutscher's 1964 suggestion that the long-tailed field mouse was responsible for the prints. Despite a couple of problems with this hypothesis, it is the best zoological explanation so far advanced, in my opinion.

At the same time James Rennie's claims in *Romantic Strathspey* merit serious consideration. Rennie proposes a rare form of pre-

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precipitation and claims to have witnessed it twice. This may not be so farfetched as it sounds. On January 7, 1984, I found extensive marks, identical to the "devil's footprints," in the snow in Shenandoah National Park. I examined about a dozen of these marks, which did not form a trail but were scattered over a large area. I attribute them to water dripping off the trees.

I believe special conditions are necessary for the formation of these marks. The snow must have a thin encrustation of ice, such as results from a slight melting and refreezing. The size of the drops may also be important. I suspect that the drops strike this glaze without penetrating, splattering outward in a roughly circular pattern. Irregularities and sloping of the surface would usually cause a broken circle of melting (like the "footprints") as the water settled. Eventually the center would melt too — indeed, a few of the marks I examined did show some slight melting in the center — but the broken circle of melting would precede melting in the center.

A continuous dripping on one spot is necessary for this idea, but rare, giant drops ("water blobs," according to Rennie) might suffice for a single strike in open areas. Rennie also suggests that precipitation may be confined to the edge of a cloud which grazes a cold air mass, thus accounting for an apparent trail of prints. — *Michael T. Shoemaker, Alexandria, Va.*

A SLOW READER?

I am not a slow reader — although I am questioning an item in the June 1960 issue of FATE. In "I See by the Papers" Curtis Fuller reported that the Soviet scientist M. Agrest suggested that the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were "nuked." I quote:

"Agrest then turns his attention to the Dead Sea Scrolls. . . . He writes:

"The description they give of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah cannot help attract the attention of modern men who are familiar with nuclear physics. . . ."

I have a layman's knowledge of the Dead Sea Scrolls and my question is this: Where in the Dead Sea Scrolls is there a reference to Sodom and Gomorrah? This item has been quoted and paraphrased by dozens of writers on ancient astronauts and UFOs but no one seems to bypass Agrest and go to the source. — *Ron Halbritter, Chula Vista, Calif.*

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

Curtis Fuller's comments about the controversy over evolution and creationism ("I See by the Papers," November 1985 FATE) are interesting. I have never had a problem with the biblical words.

The problem begins to develop when the Bible's words are not read as written. The earth did not bring forth land and growing things until the third day, and the sun did not give light to the earth until the fourth day. Whenever that first day was, it was not in accord with earth time. Let's admit that we do not know where or when that first day was. Thus we do not know if there is or is not a true controversy between the biblical creation and evolution of physical bodies and things.

If someone wants to believe that his physical body has descended from the physical bodies of monkeys — and I don't — one of us has a problem. If I can accept that I am a soul-spirit made in the image and likeness of an eternal Creator-Father, and another cannot, one of us has a problem. If I believe in eternal life for myself and other soul-spirits, and another does not, one of us has a problem.

One problem we do not have is related to teaching evolution and all other scientific subjects. Theory should never be taught as fact. That which can be proved should be so identified in the textbooks. That which has not yet been proved should also be so identified. Then future students will not be confined or limited. If new truths come along, so be it. — *Ernestine G. Busch, El Paso, Tex.*

MARITIME MYSTERIES

I am collecting material on such maritime mysteries as giant squids, phantom ships and premonitions of disaster concerning the loss of such great ships as the *Titanic*, the *Empress of Ireland* and the *Lusitania*. I would like to hear from anyone with firsthand observations on these topics. — *M. Goss, 57 Belmont Road, Grays Thurrock, Essex RM17 5YJ, England.*

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CREATIVE VISUALISATION:

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by Jolene Anderson

Almost all books on the subject of visualisation have one thing in common: they don't work. Try as one may nothing happens for the reader, and it is usually difficult to get the "mental pictures" to occur in the first place. We are now proud to announce the availability of a book that, at long last, demonstrates a totally PRACTICAL and realistic approach to the subject. Visualisation, says the author, usually fails because of the **rigidity of the process** expounded by its proponents. She dismisses such rigidity in her book, and demonstrates, simply, how Creative Visualisation can be a **totally exciting, stimulating and individually unique experience**. When visualisation becomes orientated towards the visualiser's needs, says Miss Anderson, controlled mental pictures begin flowing easily.

But what is so important about **Creative Visualisation** in the first place? The answer is simple: visualisation is the **most essential aspect of all occult and personal psychology**; without it you cannot progress in any phase of these subjects. However, you do not have to be an occult student to benefit from its application: **anyone** can use it, and as a result gain virtually anything that is desired in life.

Creative Visualisation, correctly employed, **definitely WORKS**, declares Miss Anderson. What **doesn't** work is the usual vague and general instruction on the subject found in most books. Here in this book are PRACTICAL... WORKABLE methods of making visualisation effective. These methods and techniques are geared to the **individual needs and preferences of the reader**. Instead of being an arduous affair visualisation becomes, thanks to these techniques, an exciting and **fun-filled** experience. You will **look forward** to visualising rather than treating it as a difficult necessity. Never, will you think, that visualisation could be like this! But "like this" it is: with the author's guidance you can become **superbly proficient** in its use within days or weeks! Here are some of the points you can read about in this book:

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Some readers reading this ad may still be unsure of what exactly is "Creative Visualisation". Simply defined, it is the elementary act of **mentally picturing something you want in life in the belief that by so doing you will gain it**. This is the basic message of all "positive thinking" books. It is not witchcraft: only simple psychology. The only trouble is that visualising, as simple as it sounds, is usually not quite so easy to do. Saying "visualise" is usually easier to say than to do. This exciting new book makes it **easier to do than say!** However, visualisation shouldn't be just the special preoccupation of a few people - IT SHOULD BE UNDERSTOOD AND USED BY EVERYONE WHO CARES ABOUT THEIR FUTURE HAPPINESS AND WELFARE!

There are some astonishing revelations in this book that no thinking person should refuse to consider. Never, in the history of man, has it been so important, as it is now, to understand and use the powers of mind for **protection and self-preservation**. And for those who think that Creative Visualisation is an insignificant matter, not of scientific value or import in daily affairs, the author shows how you can **positively prove the power of visualisation to change your circumstances within one week!** Yes - you can test this power - and get a **positively ascertainable answer within seven days!** The Creative Visualisation in this book is **demonstrable** - and can be **positively tried and tested!** Miss Anderson does not claim that all and sundry wishes can be fulfilled through this power. She says that money, love, gambling, health goals can be achieved, but **only on condition that the reader understands the basic usage of the power**. She examines case histories of people who failed to obtain their desires with visualisation, outlining exactly where they went wrong. She guides the reader, like a close friend rather than a teacher, through avoiding the pitfalls and disappointments so that the reader will obtain **only success**, rather than failure, with visualisation.

This book is above all else, PRACTICAL - not the "pie-in-the-sky" stuff of other books. **No person interested in mind power should be without a copy**, and anyone interested in seeking a relatively quick way of achieving his heart's desires should not waste a moment in ordering this invaluable book.

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